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GIFTS.

I.

I gave my love a bracelet on her natal day—
The light was dancing on the lea—
Its sparkling gems shook lustre when 'twas worn,
From beds of filagree;
And seem'd to laugh and speak, upon her arm,
Like children on their pillows white and warm.
"This for thy hand," I said; "soon mine"—
With that she 'gan the amulet untwine;
And cried, "Thou buyest me, like a slave!"—
Then stopping, red, a look of love she gave.

II.

In the sweet haying-time, I made a crown of flowers—
The light was dancing on the lea—
I stole bright blossoms from the butterfly
And honey-seeking bee.
Holding my wreath above her shining head,
"Soon thou art mine;—why art thou sad?" I said.
"The Past was happy," she replied;
"The Future is a dangerous path, untried;"—
Then leant her brow upon my breast,
And if she fear'd, soon charm'd her fear to rest.

III.

Next morn, when village bells were pealing forth our joy—
The light was dancing on the lea—
We fled the rustic mirth of happy friends,
For happier secrecy;
And neath the shadows of a summer wood
We sipped the cup of Earth's beatitude.
"This ring is all my gift to-day."
She, sitting closer, whispered. "Nay, love, nay,
Thou givest *thyself*—a gift divine.
This day I feel thy heart, thought, life, are mine!"

BERNI.

THE REBEL CAVALRY CHARGING THROUGH THE STREETS OF CHAMBERSBURG, PA., JUNE 16.—ENGRAVED FROM "FRANK LESLIE'S PAPER."

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XLII.

A NIGHT SCENE.

Alas for the Trevlyn temper! How many times has the lamentation to be repeated! Were the world filled with lamentations for this most unhappy state of mind to which some of its mortals give way, they could not atone for the ill inflicted. It is not a pleasant topic to enlarge upon, and I seem to have lingered unnecessarily in the dialike to approach it.

When Rupert leaped the palings and flew away over the field, he was totally incapable of self-government for the time being. I do not say this in his extenuation. I say that such a state of things is most lamentable, and ought not to be. I only state that it was so. The most passionate temper ever born with man *may* be kept under, where the right means are used—prayer, ever watchful self-control; but how few there are who find the means! Rupert Trevlyn had not. He had no clear perception of what he had done; he probably knew that he had thrust the blazing torch into the rick; but he gave no heed whatever to consequences, whether the hay was undamaged or whether it should burst forth into a flame.

He flew over the field as one possessed; he flew over a succession of fields; the high road intervened, and he was passing over it in his reckless career, when he was encountered by Farmer Apperley. Not, for a moment, did the farmer recognise Rupert.

"Hey, lad! What in the name of fortune has taken you?" cried he, laying his hand upon him.

His face distorted with passion, his eyes starting with fury, his breath coming in gasps that were more like shrieks, Rupert tore on. He shook the farmer's hand off him, and tore on, leaping the low dwarf hedge opposite and never speaking.

Mr. Apperley began to doubt whether he had not been deceived by some strange apparition—such, for instance, as the popular Flying Dutchman. He ran to a stile hard by, and stood their gazing at the mad figure, who seemed to be flying about heedlessly, without purpose. It had not gone out of the field: now in one part of it, now in another: and Mr. Apperley rubbed his eyes and tried to penetrate more clearly the obscurity of the night.

"It *was* Rupert Trevlyn—if I ever saw him," decided he, at length. "What can have put him into this state? Perhaps he's gone mad!"

The farmer, in his consternation, stood there he knew not how long: ten minutes or a quarter of an hour it may have been. It was not a busy night with him, and he had as soon linger at that gate as to go on at once to Bluck the farrier—which was where he was bound. Any time would do to give his orders to Bluck.

"Well, I can't make it out a bit," soliloquised he, when he at length turned away. "I'm sure it was Rupert: but what could have put him into that state? Hollos! what's that?"

A bright light in the direction of Trevlyn Hold had caught his eye. He stood and gazed at it in a second state of consternation equal to that in which he had just gazed after Rupert Trevlyn. "If I don't believe it's a fire!" ejaculated he.

Was everybody running about madly to-night? The words were but escaping Mr. Apperley's lips when a second figure, panting, white, breathless as the other, came flying over the road in the self same spot. This one wore a smock frock, and the farmer recognized Jim Sanders.

"Why, Jim, what's up? What's up?"

"Don't stop me, sir," panted Jim. "Don't you see the blaze there? It's Chattaway's rick-yard."

"Mercy me! Chattaway's rick-yard! What has done it? Have we got the incendiaries in the county again?"

"It was Mr. Rupert," answered Jim, dropping his voice to a whisper. "I see him fire it. Let me go on, please, sir."

In very astonishment, Mr. Apperley loosed his hold of the boy, who went speeding off in the direction of Barbrook. The farmer propped his back against the stile, that he might gather together his scared senses.

Rupert Trevlyn had fired the rick-yard! Had he really gone mad?—or was Jim Sanders mad when he said it? The farmer, a slow man to arrive at conclusions, was sorely puzzled. "The one looked as mad as 'nother, for what I saw," deliberated he. "Any way, however, there's the fire, and I'd better make my way to it; they'll want hands if they are to put that out. Thank God it's a calm night!"

He took the nearest way to the Hold; another helper amidst the many now crowding the busy scene. What a Babel of confusion it was!—what a scene for a painting, could it have been transferred to canvas!—what a life's remembrance! The hoarse noise of the excited men as they passed the buckets; the deep interjections of Mr. Chattaway; and the faces of emotion of the lookers on, turned up to the lurid flame. Farmer Apperley, a man more given to deeds than words, rendered what help he could, accosting none.

He had been at work some time, when a shriek, or groan, or shout—it was hard to say which, for it partook of the nature of all—broke simultaneously from the spectators. A proximate rick had caught the flame. Mr. Chattaway uttered a despairing word, and the workers ceased for a few moments their efforts—as if paralyzed with the additional evil.

"If the fire engines would but come!" impatiently exclaimed Mr. Chattaway.

Even as he spoke, a faint rumbling was heard in the distance. It came nearer, and nearer; its clatter and its reckless pace proclaiming it to be what it was—a fire-engine. And Mr. Chattaway, in spite of his remark of impatience, gazed at its approach with astonishment: for he knew there had not been time for the Barmester engines to arrive.

It proved to be the little engine from Barbrook. One kept in the village. A very despised engine indeed; from its small size, one rarely called for; and which Mr. Chattaway had not so much as thought of, when sending for the superior ones from Barmester. On it came, glibly, as it meant to do good service, and the crowd in the rick-yard welcomed it with a shout, and flew away to give it space. Its two horses were reeking with the speed to which they had been urged.

Churlish as was Mr. Chattaway's general manner, he could not avoid showing somewhat of his satisfaction at its arrival.

"I am so glad you have come!" he exclaimed. "I never thought to send. I suppose you saw the flames, and came of your own accord?"

"No, sir, we never saw nothing," was the reply of the man he addressed. "Mr. Ryle's lad, Jim Sanders, came for us. I never see a chap in such a commotion; he a'most got the engine ready himself."

The mention of the name, Jim Sanders, caused a buzz around. The acknowledgment of the kitchen maid Bridget, that the offender was Rupert Trevlyn, had been whispered and commented upon; and if some were found to believe the whisper, others scornfully rejected it. There was Mr. Chattaway's assertion, also—that it was Rupert; but Mr. Chattaway's ill-will to Rupert was remembered that night, and the assertion was received doubtfully. A meddlesome voice interrupted the fireman.

"Jim Sanders! why that was the one what fired it. There ain't no doubt! Little wonder he seemed frighted."

"Did he fire it?" interrupted Farmer Apperley, eagerly. "What, Jim? Why, what possessed him to do such a thing? I met him just now, like one frightened out of his life, and he laid the guilt on Rupert Trevlyn."

"Hush, Mr. Apperley!" whispered a cautioning voice at his elbow, and the farmer turned to see George Ryle. The latter, with almost imperceptible movement, directed his attention to the right, to the livid face of Mrs. Chattaway. Like unto one paralyzed stood she, her hands clasped, her features drawn, listening to the words.

"Yes, it was Mr. Rupert," protested Bridget, with a sob. "Jim Sanders told me that he watched Mr. Rupert thrust the lighted torch into the rick. He seemed not to know what he was about, Jim said; he seemed to do it in a passion."

"Hold your tongue, Bridget," interposed a sharp, commanding voice. "Have I not desired you already to do so? It is not upon the hearsay evidence of Jim Sanders that you can accuse Mr. Rupert."

The speaker was Miss Diana Trevlyn. In good truth, Miss Diana did not believe that Rupert could have been guilty of the act. It had been disclosed that the torch in the rick-yard belonged to Jim Sanders, had been brought there by him, and she deemed that fact was suspicious against Jim. Miss Diana had arrived unwillingly at the conclusion that Jim Sanders had set the rick on fire by accident; and in his fright had accused Rupert to screen himself. She imparted her view of the affair to Mr. Apperley.

"Like enough," was the response of Mr. Apperley, when he had listened. "Some of these boys have no more caution in 'em than if they were children of two years old. But what could have put Rupert into such a state?" he added, the thought occurring to him. "If anybody ever looked mad, he did this night."

"When?" asked Miss Diana, eagerly, and Mrs. Chattaway pressed up closer with her white countenance.

"I saw him just before I came up here. I was on my way to Bluck's, and somebody with a spectre's face, and his breath panting so that you might have heard it a mile off, came bursting through the hedge right across my path. I didn't know him at first; he didn't look a bit like Rupert; but when I saw who it was, I tried to stop him, and I asked what was the matter. He shook me off, and went over the opposite hedge like a wild animal, and there he tore about the field. If he had been a lunatic escaped from the county asylum, he couldn't have run worse—"

"Did he say nothing?" some voice interrupted.

"Not a word," replied the farmer. "He did not look as if he could speak. Well, before I had digested that shock, or come to any manner of reflection what it could mean, there came another, flying up in the same mad state, and that was Jim Sanders. I stopped *him*. Nearly at the same time, or just before it, I had seen a light shoot up towards the sky. Jim said, as well as he could talk for fright, that the rick-yard at the Hold was on fire, and that Mr. Rupert had set it alight."

"At all events, the mischief seems to lie between them," remarked some buzzing voices around.

There would have been no time for this desultory conversation—at least, for the gentlemen's share in it—but that the fire-engine had put a stop to their efforts. It had planted itself on the very spot where the line had been formed, scattering those who had taken part in it, and was rapidly getting itself into working order. The flames were shooting up terribly now, and Mr. Chattaway was rushing here, there, and everywhere, in his frantic but impotent efforts to subdue them, or to assist at the means by which they might be subdued. He was not insured.

George Ryle approached Mrs. Chattaway and bent over her, a strangely thrilling tone of kindness pervading his every word: it seemed to suggest how conscious he was of the great sorrow that was coming upon her.

"I wish you would let me take you indoors," he whispered. "Indeed, it is not well for you to be here."

"Where is he?" she gasped, in answer. "Could you not find him, and remove him out of the way of danger?"

A conviction, sure and not to be shaken, had been upon her from the very moment that her husband had avowed his chastisement of Rupert—the conviction that it was he, Rupert, and no other, who had done the mischief. Her own brothers—chiefly, however, her brother Rupert—*had* been guilty of one or two acts almost as mad in their passion. He could not help his temper, she reasoned—some, perhaps, may say fallaciously; and if Mr. Chattaway had provoked him by that sharp and insulting punishment, it was he who was in fault more than Rupert.

"I would die to save him, George," she whispered. "I would give all I am worth to save him from the consequences. Mr. Chattaway says he will prosecute him to the last."

"I am quite sure you will be ill if you stay here," remonstrated George, for she was shivering palpably from head to foot, not heavens, with cold, but with emotion. "I will go with you to the house, and talk to you there."

"To the house!" she repeated. "Do you suppose I could stay in the house to-night? Look at them; they are all on here."

She pointed to her children; to the women servants. It was even so; all were out there. Mr. Chattaway, in passing, had once or twice harshly demanded what they, a pack of women, did in a scene such as that, and the women had drawn away in the rebuke, but only to come forward again. Perhaps it was not in human nature to keep wholly away from that cause of excitement.

A half exclamation of fear escaped Mrs. Chattaway's lips, and she pressed a few steps onwards.

Holding a close, and apparently private, conference with Mr. Apperley was Bowen, the superintendent of the very slight staff of police-officers stationed in the place. As a general rule, these rustic districts are too peaceable to require much supervision from the men in blue.

"Mr. Apperley, you will not turn against him!" she implored, from between her fevered and trembling lips; and in good truth, Mrs. Chattaway gave indications of being almost as much beside herself that night as was the unhappy Rupert. "Is Bowen asking you where you saw Rupert, that he may go and fetch him? Do not you turn against him!"

"My dear, good lady, I have not got a thing to tell," returned Mr. Apperley, looking at her in doubtful surprise, for her manner was very strange. "Bowen heard me say, as everybody else within some feet around us heard me, that Mr. Rupert was in the Brook field when I came from it. But I have nothing else to tell of him; and he may not be there now. It's hardly likely that he should be."

Mrs. Chattaway lifted her white face to Bowen.

"You will not take him!" she imploringly whispered.

The man shook his head—he was an intelligent officer, much respected in the neighborhood—and answered her, in the same low tone, "I can't help myself, ma'am. When charges are given to us, we are obliged to take cognisance of them, and to arrest, if needs be, those implicated."

"Has this charge been given you!" she asked.

"Yes, this half hour ago. I was up here almost with the breaking out of the flames, for I happened to be close by, and Mr. Chattaway made his formal complaint to me, and put it in my charge."

Her heart sunk within her.

"And you are looking for him!"

"Chigwell is," replied the superintendent, alluding to a policeman. "And Dumps is gone to see after Jim Sanders."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed a voice at her elbow. It was that of George Ryle, and Mrs. Chattaway turned to him in grieved amazement. But George's words had not borne reference to her, or to anything she was saying.

"It is beginning to rain," he exclaimed. "A fine, steady rain would do us more good than the engines. What does that noise mean!"

A loud murmur of excitement had arisen on the opposite side of the rick-yard, and was spreading as fast as did the flame. George looked in vain for its cause; he was very tall, and he raised himself on tip-toe to see the better: as yet without result.

But not for long. The cause soon showed itself. Pushing his way through the rick-yard, pale, subdued, quiet now, came Rupert Trevlyn. Not in custody; not fettered; not passionate; only very worn and weary, as if he had undergone some painful amount of fatigue. It was all the fit of passion had left him; worn out, weary, powerless. In the days gone by it had so left his uncle Rupert.

Mr. Bowen walked up, and laid his hand upon his shoulder. "I am sorry to do it, sir," he said, "but you are my prisoner."

"I can't help it," wearily responded Rupert.

But what brought Rupert Trevlyn back into the very camp of the Philistines? Rupert, in his terrible passion, had partly fallen to the ground, partly flung himself on it in the field where Mr. Apperley saw him, and there he lay until the passion abated. Then he gathered himself up so far as to sit, and bent his head upon his knees, and revolved what had passed. How long he might have stopped there, it is impossible to say, but that shouts and cries in the road aroused him, and he lifted his head to see that red-

[illegible] the freedom. He [illegible] and questioned them. "The sick-yard at the Hold was on fire."

An awful consternation came across him that it was his work. It is a fact, that he did not positively remember what he had done; that is to say, had no very clear recollection of it. Giving no thought to consequences, to himself—any more than he had an hour previously given thought to the consequences of his work—he began to hasten to the Hold as fast as his depressed physical state would permit. If he had caused that flame, it was only fair that he should do what he could towards putting it out.

The rain did not fulfill its promise of coming down as George Ryle had fondly hoped. But the little engine from Barbrook had done good service, and the flames did not spread over the whole of the rick-yard. Later, the two great Barmester engines thundered up, and by midnight the fire was subdued and the danger over.

And Rupert Treviyn was in custody for having caused it.

CHAPTER XLIII.

NORA'S DIPLOMACY.

Amidst all that mass of human beings collected in and about the burning rick-yard of Treviyn Hold, perhaps not one was so intensely miserable, not even excepting the unhappy Rupert, as its mistress, Mrs. Chattaway. *He* stood there in custody for a crime of dark dye; a crime for which the punishment but a few short years before would have been the extremest penalty enforced by the laws of England; he whom she had so loved. In her chequered life of pain she had experienced moments of unhappiness than which she had thought no future could exceed them in intensity; but had all those moments been concentrated into one dark and dreadful hour, it could not have equalled the trouble of this. The confusion of the scene, its noise, its bustle, its moving mass of humanity, its red light, now dim and apparently subdued, now shooting up with renewed glare, moved before her actual sight like unto the scenes in a phantasmagoria, even as the dread consequences moved before the sight of her mind. Her vivid imagination leaped over the present and held up to her view but one appalling picture of the future—Rupert working in chains. Poor, unhappy, wronged Rupert! whom they had kept out of his rights, whom her husband had now by his personal ill-treatment goaded to the ungovernable passion which was the curse of her family; and this was the result.

Every pulse of her heart beating with its sense of the terrible wrong; every buried chord of love for Rupert strung to its utmost tension; every fear that an excitable imagination can depict raised up within her, Mrs. Chattaway leaned against the palings at the upper part of the yard in utter faintness of spirit. Her ears took in with unnatural quickness the free comments around. Under shelter of an obscure light, making part of a busy crowd, people will speak out opinions that they might shriek from proclaiming in broad glare of day. She heard some hotly avow their belief that Rupert was not guilty except in the malicious fancy of Mr. Chattaway; she heard them say that Chattaway was "took white," "all scared like," when he found that Rupert was alive, instead of being dead, down in the mine: even the more moderate ones observed that after all it was but Jim Sanders's word for it; and that if Jim did not appear to confirm it, Mr. Rupert must be held innocent.

The wonder appeared to be, where was Jim? He had not reappeared on the scene, and his absence certainly wore a suspicious look. In moments of intense fear, the slightest word, the barest hint, is received into the mind vividly and comprehensively as though it were an elaborately written folio, and Mrs. Chattaway's heart bounded within her at that whispered suggestion. *If Jim Sanders did not appear to confirm his word, Rupert must be held innocent.* Was there no possibility of keeping Jim back? By persuasion—by stratagem—by force, even, if necessary? The blood came mounting to her pale cheek at the thought, red as the lurid flame which lighted up the air. At that moment she saw George Ryle hastening across the yard near to her. She glided towards him, and he turned in answer to her call.

"You see! They have taken Rupert!"

"Do not distress yourself, dear Mrs. Chattaway," he answered. "I wish you could have been persuaded not to remain in this scene: it is altogether unfit for you."

"George," she gasped, "do you believe he did it?"

George Ryle did believe it. He had heard about the horsewhipping, and knowing what he knew of that mad and evil passion called the Treviyn temper, he could not do otherwise than believe it.

"Ah, don't speak!" she interrupted, perceiving his hesitation. "I see you condemn him as some of those around us are condemning. But," she added, with feverish eagerness, "there is only the word of Jim Sanders against him. They are saying so."

"Very true," replied George in a hearty tone, desiring to give her any comfort that he could give. "Mr. Jim must make good his words before we can embitter Rupert."

"Because, Jim Sanders has always been looked upon as trusted," interposed Octave Chattaway, who had drawn near. Surely, it was unnatural in one so fair to look upon, however reprehensible the fact might be!

"It has to be proved yet that Jim did make the accusation," said George in reply to Octave. "It is not obliged to be the fact, although Bridget asserts it. And even if Jim did say it, he may have been mistaken. He must show that he was not, before the magistrates to-morrow, or the charge will fall to the ground."

"And Rupert be released!" added Mrs. Chattaway, with a strangely suspicious eagerness.

"Certainly. At least, I should suppose so."

He went on his way; Octave went back to where she had been standing previously, and Mrs. Chattaway remained alone, buried in thought.

A few minutes, and she stole out of the yard. *Stole* out: it is the most suitable expression. With stealthy steps, and eyes that glanced fearingly around her, lest her movement should be watched, she escaped by gradual degrees beyond the crowd, and emerged in the open field. Then, turning an angle at a fleet pace—as if, now that she was out of the reach of prying eyes, she would lose no time on the errand she was bound—she ran against some one who was coming swiftly up. Mrs. Chattaway's heart-blood coursed on with violence, and a low cry escaped her. It seemed, in her lively self-consciousness, that the mere fact of being encountered like this, was sufficient to betray the wild project she had conceived and was now bent on. Conscience is very suggestive.

But it was only Nora Dickson: and Nora in a state of overflowing wrath. When the alarm that there was a fire at the Hold reached Treviyn Farm, its inmates has-tened out to the scene with one accord, leaving none in the house but Nora and Mrs. Ryle. Mrs. Ryle, suffering from some temporary indisposition, was in bed, and Nora, in consequence, had to stay and take care of the house, doing grievous violence to her curiosity. She stood leaning over the road gate, and watching the busy public hasten by to the delightful scene of bustle and excitement from which she was perforce excluded; and when the Barbrook engine thundered past, Nora danced with impotent anger. She felt half inclined to lock up the house and Mrs. Ryle in it, and start in the same wake; the fierce if innocent anathemas she hurled at the head of the unconscious and truant Nanny, were something formidable; and when that damsel at length found her way back, Nora would have experienced the greatest satisfaction in shaking her. But the bent of her indignation changed; for Nanny, before Nora had had time to visit it upon her by so much as a word, burst forth into the torrent of news which she had gathered at the Hold—that it was Rupert Treviyn who fired the hayrick, because Mr. Chattaway had horsewhipped him.

Nora's breath was taken away: wrath for her own personal grievance was merged in the greater wrath she felt for the sake of Rupert. Horsewhipped him? that brute of a Chattaway had horsewhipped Rupert Treviyn! A burning, fiery glow rushed over her as she listened; a resentful denial broke from her lips; but Nanny persisted that her statement was correct. Chattaway had locked out Rupert the previous night, and Madam, unknown to her husband, admitted him: Chattaway had demanded of Rupert who let him in, but Rupert, fearing to compromise madam, refused to tell, and then Chattaway used the horsewhip.

Nora waited to hear no more. She started off to the Hold in her strong indignation; not so much now to take part in the bustling scene going on there, to indulge her curiosity, as to ascertain the truth of this shameful story. Rupert could scarcely have felt more indignant pain at the chastisement, than Nora felt at hearing of it. Close to the outer gate of the fold-yard she encountered Mrs. Chattaway.

A short explanation ensued. Nora, forgetting possibly in her heat that is was Mrs. Chattaway to whom she spoke, broke into a burst of indignation at Mr. Chattaway, a flood of sympathy for Rupert. It told Mrs. Chattaway that she might trust her, trust her fully, and her delicate fingers entwined themselves nervously around the stronger ones of Nora in her almost hysterical emotion.

"It must have been done in a fit of the Treviyn temper, Nora," she whispered imploringly, as if beseeching Nora's clemency of judgment for him. "The temper was born with him, you know, Nora, and he could not help that—and to be horsewhipped is a terrible thing."

If Nora had felt inclined to doubt the report before, that the calamity had been caused by Rupert, these words dispelled the doubt, and brought to her a momentary shock. Nora was not one to excuse or extenuate a crime so great as that of wilfully setting fire to a rick-yard; to all who have to do with farms, with rick-yards, it is especially abhorrent, and Nora was no exception; but in this case she did, by some ingenious sophistry of her own, shift the blame from Rupert's shoulders, and lay it on Mr. Chattaway's; and she again expressed her opinion of that gentleman's conduct in pretty plain terms.

"He is in custody, Nora!" said Mrs. Chattaway, with a shiver. "He is to be examined to-morrow before the magistrates, and they will doubtless commit him for trial. Jim Sanders will appear against him, according to his statement. Should he be tried and convicted for it, the punishment might be penal servitude for life."

"Mercy help him!" ejaculated Nora to her dismay at this new feature presented to her view. "That would be a climax to his unhappy life, poor lad—that would!"

"But if they can prove nothing against him to-morrow, the magistrates will not commit him," resumed Mrs. Chattaway, who had scarcely paused to give time for Nora's observation. "There's nothing against him; nothing to prove it but Jim Sanders's word; and, Nora,"—she feverishly added—"perhaps we can keep Jim back?"

"Jim Sanders's word!" repeated Nora, who as yet had not heard of Jim's word in connection with the affair. "What has Jim got to do with it?"

Mrs. Chattaway explained. She mentioned all that was said to have passed, Bridget's declaration, and her own miserable conviction that it was but too true. She just spoke of the suspicion cast on Jim himself by several doubters, but in a slighting way, which proved that the suspicion found no weight with her; and she told of his non-appearance at the scene since.

"I was on my way to search for him," she continued; "but I don't know where to search. Oh, Nora, won't you go with me and help me? I would kneel to Jim, and implore him not to come forward against Rupert; I will be ever kind to Jim, and take care of his welfare, if he will but hear me; I will try to bring him on in life."

Nora, impulsive as was Mrs Chattaway, but with far greater calmness of mind, strength of judgment, turned without a word. From that moment she entered into the plot heart and soul. If Jim Sanders could be kept back by mortal means, Nora would keep him. She revolved matters rapidly in her mind as she went along, but had not proceeded many steps when she halted and laid her hand on the arm of her companion.

"I had better go alone about this business, Madam Chattaway. If you'll trust to me, it shall be done—if it can be done. You'll catch your death, coming out with nothing on, this cold night; and I'm not sure that it would answer for you to be seen in it."

"I must go on, Nora," was the earnest answer; "I can't rest until I see what chance there is. As to catching cold, I have been standing in the open air since the fire broke out, and have not felt whether it was cold or hot. I am too feverish to-night for any cold to touch me."

Nevertheless, she untied her black silk apron as she spoke, and folded in corner-wise over her head, shutting in all her fair falling curls. Nora made no further remonstrance.

The most obvious place to look for Jim was evidently his own home; at least, it was the one that occurred to Nora. Jim had the honor of residing with his mother in a lonely three-cornered cottage, which could boast of two rooms and a loft in the roof. It was a good step to it, and they walked swiftly along, exchanging a sentence now and then, in a hushed tone. As they came within view of it, Nora's quick sight detected the head (generally a very untidy one) of Mrs. Sanders airing itself at the open door.

"You halt here, Madam Chattaway," she whispered, pointing to a friendly projecting hedge, "and let me go on and feel my way with *her*. She'll be a vast deal more difficult to deal with than Jim; and the more I reflect, the more I am convinced that it will not do for you to be seen in it."

So far, Mrs. Chattaway acquiesced. She stopped under cover of the hanging hedge, and Nora went on alone. But when she had really gained the door, it was shut, and nobody appeared at it. She lifted the cumbrous, old-fashioned wood latch, and entered. The door had no more secure fastening; strange as that fact may sound to the dwellers in towns. The woman had backed against the further wall, and was staring at the intruder with a face of shivering dread; keen Nora noted the signs, drew a very natural deduction from them, and shaped her tactics accordingly.

"Where's Jim?" began she, in a decisive but not unkind tone.

"I'm not true what they are saying of him, Miss Dickson," gasped the woman. "I could be upon my Bible oath that he never did it. Jim ain't of that wicked natur; he'd not harm a fly."

"But there are such things as accidents, you are aware, Meg Sanders," promptly answered Nora, who had no difficulty about her cue now. "It's a thing certain that he was in the rick-yard with a lighted torch; and boys, as everybody knows, are the most careless animals on earth. Is Jim here? I suppose you have got him in hiding?"

"I haven't set eyes on Jim since night fall," the woman answered.

"Look here, Meg Sanders, you had better avow the truth to me. I am come down as a friend, to see what can be done for Jim; and I can tell you this, that I'd rather keep him in hiding—or put him in hiding, for the matter of that—than I'd show him up to the police, and say 'You'll find Jim Sanders so-and-so.' Tell me the whole truth, and I'll stand Jim's friend; has he not been about our place from a little chap in petticoats, down to the age he is now? It's not likely we should want to do harm to Jim."

The words reassured the woman, but she persisted in her denial.

"I declare to goodness, ma'am, that I know nothing of where he is," she said, pushing her untidy hair behind her ears, caps being articles of luxury that Mrs. Sanders's pocket did not allow her to indulge in. "He come in here after he left work, and tidied himself a bit, and went off with one of them puppies of his; and he has never been back since."

"Yes," said Nora. "He took the puppy to the Hold, and was showing it to Bridget when the fire burst out—that's the tale that's told me. But Jim had got a torch, they say; and torches are dangerous things in rick-yards—"

"Jim's a fool!" was the complimentary interruption of Jim's mother. "His head's running wild over that fine flighty, gawky thing, Bridget—as ain't worth her salt. I asked him what he was bringing on that puppy for, and he said for Bridget—and I told him he was a simpleton for his pains. And now this has come of it!"

"How did you hear of Jim's being connected with the fire?"

"I have had a dozen past here, opening their mouths to tell me of it," resentfully spoke the woman. "Some of 'em said Mr. Rupert was mixed up in it, and that the police were after him as well as Jim. Did you come here by yourself, Miss Dickson?"

"Why do you ask me that?" retorted Nora. "Are you afraid I brought a police constable with me?"

"As I stood at the door I thought I heard the steps of two," explained the woman, "and when only you came round the hedge corner, I wondered. Maybe 'twas a kind o' echo."

"Echos sound plainer in the still night than they do in the day," carelessly observed Nora. "It is true that Mr. Rupert is said to be mixed up in it," she continued, speaking with a purpose. "But whether he set it on fire, or whether it was Jim, or both of them together, they'd better have kept in hiding until the first noise of the thing had blown over. Mr. Rupert can't now, for he is taken into custody."

"Into custody?" echoed Mrs. Sanders in a scared whisper.

"Yes, he is. But he can't be hurt, and nothing can be proved against him, unless some eye-witness comes forward to speak against him. Now the only one in the yard at the time, besides himself, was your Jim. In a word, Meg Sanders, Jim can hurt Mr. Rupert, and Mr. Rupert, I suppose, can hurt Jim; clearly, then, they have only got to hold their tongues one of another."

"Jim would hold hisn if he were told," cried the mother, eagerly.

"It won't do to trust Jim. Once the magistrates got Jim before them, they'd frighten him, and badger him, and question him, till they'd not only make him criminate Mr. Rupert, but himself as well. That would be the upshot, Meg Sanders; Jim must be found, must be hid away out of harm for the next four-and-twenty hours. Where is he to be got at?"

"I couldn't tell you if you killed me for't," protested Meg Sanders, and her tones were an earnest of the truth. "Maybe he *is* in hiding—have gone and put hisself into 't in his fear of Chattaway and the p'lice. Though I'll take my oath he never did it wilful. If he *had* got a torch, why, a spark of it might have blowed on to a loose bit of hay and fired it; but he never did it wilful. It ain't a windy night, either," she reflectingly added in a doubting accent. "Eh! the fool that that there Jim has been ever since he was born!"

Nora paused. In the uncertainty as to where to look for Jim, she did not see her way particularly clear to accomplish the object in view. She took a few moments rapid counsel with herself.

"Listen, Meg Sanders, and pay attention to what I say to you," she cried, impressively. "I can't do for Jim what I wanted to do, because he is not to be found. But now, mind: should he come in after I am gone, you send him instantly off to me at the farm. Tell him to dodge in and out under the trees and hedges on his road, and to take care that nobody catches sight of him. When he gets to the farm, he must come to the front door, and knock gently with his knuckles: I shall be inside the room. Or, should he not come home here until the middle of the night—and if he has got the fear upon him, he may not—let him, instead of knocking at the door, throw up a bit of gravel at my bed-chamber window, and I will come down to him."

"And then?" questioned Mrs. Sanders, looking puzzled.

"I'll take care what then; I'll take care of *him*. Now, do you understand?"

"Yes, yes," said the woman. "I'll be sure to do it, Miss Dickson."

"Mind you do," said Nora. "And now, good night to you."

Mrs. Sanders was coming to the door with the candle officiously to light her visitor over its threshold, but Nora peremptorily sent her back, giving her at the same time a piece of advice in rather a sharp tone—to keep her cottage dark and silent that night, lest the attention of passers by might be drawn upon it.

It was not cheering news to carry back to poor Mrs. Chattaway. That Jim, unaccountable, unhappy lad, had quitted the shelter of the hedge—where she probably found her crouching position not a very easy one—and was standing behind the large trunk of a tree at a little distance, her arms clasping it for support, as she threw her whole weight forward upon it. To stand long, unaided, was nearly a physical impossibility, for her spine was weak. She saw Nora, and came forward.

"Where is he?"

"He is not at home. His mother does not know where he is. She has heard that— Hush! Who's this?"

Nora's voice dropped, and they retreated behind a tree. To be seen in the vicinity of Jim Sanders's cottage would not have been politic, considering the object they had in view—that of burying alive the gentleman for a safe time. The steps advanced closer, and Nora, stealing a peep round the trunk, recognized Farmer Apperley.

He was coming from the direction of the Hold; and they rightly judged, seeing him walking thus, pretty leisurely, that the danger must be over. At the same moment they became conscious of footsteps approaching from another direction. They were coming across the road, bearing rather towards the Hold, and in another moment would meet Mr. Apperley. Footsore, weary, but yet excited, and making what haste he could, their owner came in view, disclosing the face and person of Mr. Jim Sanders. Mrs. Chattaway uttered a suppressed exclamation, and would have started forward; but Nora, with more caution, held her back.

The farmer heard the cry and looked round, but he could see nothing, and probably thought his ears had deceived him. As he turned his head back again, there, right in front of him, was Jim Sanders. Quick as lightning, his powerful grasp was laid upon the boy's shoulder.

"Now, then! Where have you been skulking?"

"Lawk a mercy! I han't been skulking, sir," returned Jim, apparently surprised at the salutation, "I be a'most ready to drop with the speed I've made."

Poor, ill judged Jim! In point of fact, he had done more, indirectly, towards the putting out of the fire, than had Farmer Apperley and ten of the best men at, his back. Jim's horror and consternation when he saw the flames burst forth had taken from him all thought—all power, as may be said—save instinct. Instinct led him to Barbrook, to apprise the fire-engine there: he saw it off, and then hastened all the way to Barmester, and actually gave notice to the engines and urged their departure before the arrival of Cris Chattaway on his fleet horse. From Barmester Jim started off to Layton's Heath, a place standing at an acute angle between Barmester and Barbrook, but further off both places than those two towns were apart from each other, and posted off the engines from there: and now Jim was tolling back again, footsore and weary, but somewhat excited still, and was bending his course to Treviyn Hold, to render his poor assistance towards putting out the flames. Rupert Treviyn had always been a favorite of Jim's; Rupert, in his good-natured way, had petted Jim; and the boy in his unconscious gratitude was striving to amend the damage which he saw Rupert cause. In after days, this night's walk—or rather run of Jim's, for he must have flown over the ground at the swiftest pace—was told of as a marvel verging on the impossible: men are apt to forget the bodily marvels that can be done under the influence of terror, or any other great emotion.

Something of this—of where he had been and for what purpose—Jim explained to the farmer, and Mr. Apperley released his detaining hold.

"They are saying up there, lad,"—jerking his thumb back to indicate the Hold—"that you had got a torch in the rick-yard."

"So I had," replied Jim. "But I didn't do no damage with it."

"You told me that it was Rupert Treviyn who fired the rick."

"And so it was," replied Jim. "He was holding that there torch of mine, when Mr. Chattaway came up; a looking at the puppy, he was. And Chattaway, he had a word or two with him, and then he horsewhipped him; and Mr. Rupert caught up the torch, which he had let fall, and pushed it into the rick. I see him," added Jim, convulsively.

Mr. Apperley stroked his chin. He also liked Rupert, and he very much condemned the extreme chastisement inflicted by Mr. Chattaway. He did not go the length of deeming it an excuse, as Nora did—scarcely, perhaps, a palliation—for the mad act of Rupert; but it is certain he did not condemn it as he would have condemned it in another, or if committed under different circumstances. He felt grieved and uncomfortable; he was conscious of a sore feeling on his mind, and he heartily wished the whole night's work could be blotted out from the record of deeds done, and that Rupert was free again and guiltless.

"Well, lad, it's a bad job altogether," he observed; "but you don't seem to have been to blame, except for the taking a lighted torch into a rick-yard. Never you do such a thing again. You see what has come of it."

"We warn't anigh the ricks when I lighted the torch," pleaded Jim. "We was yards off 'em."

"That don't matter. There's a deal of gear. I'd turn off the best hand I've got on my farm, if I saw him venture into the rick-yard with a torch. Don't you be such a fool again. Where are you off to now?" he added; for Jim, with a touch of his hat, was passing on.

"Up to the Hold, sir. I'm a-going help put out the fire."

"The fire's out—or nigh upon it; and you'd best stop where you are. If you show your face there, you'll get taken up by the police: they are looking out for you. Now I don't see that you've done anything to merit a night's lodging in the lock-up," added the farmer, in his strict sense of justice. "Better pass it in your bed. You'll be wanted before the bench to-morrow; but it's all good to go before them a free man, as a prisoner. The prisoner they have already taken, Rupert Treviyn, is enough. Never you take a torch anigh ricks again."

With this reiterated piece of advice, Mr. Apperley departed. Jim stood in indecision, revolving in a mazed kind of way the various pieces of information gratuitously bestowed upon him. Himself suspected; in danger of being took up by them "perlice!"—and Mr. Rupert a prisoner!—and the fire out, or a'most out! It might be better, perhaps, that he went in to his cottage hard by and got to sleep, as Mr. Apperley advised, if he was not too over-tired to sleep.

But before Jim saw his way clear out of the maze, or had come to any decision, he found himself seized from behind with a grasp fast and firm as had been Mr. Apperley's. A vision of a file of policemen brought a rush of fear to Jim's mind, of hot blood to his face. But the arms proved to be only Nora Dickson's, and a soft, gentle voice of imploring entreaty was whispering a prayer into his ear, almost as the prayer of an angel. Jim started in amazement, and looked round.

"Lawk a mercy!" ejaculated he. "Why, it's Madam Chattaway!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Broks of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of stopping the papers of all Club subscribers to THE POST at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to remember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should forward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in excess of the advance in prices we have already made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

UNWISE JOURNALISTS.

The comments of certain journals in New York and New England upon what they are pleased to term the apathy and cowardice of Pennsylvania during the recent invasion, are manifestations of a spirit which, if it generally prevailed, would ultimately be productive of a great deal of evil. It is a spirit of discord and uncharitableness, which judges without full proof, even while it judges most harshly, and which has had no small share in bringing about the unhappy rebellion against which we are at present contending. Just hear, for instance, in what a virulent strain the editor of the Boston *Commonwealth*—sitting safely at home in Massachusetts—berates the people of a sister state:

> The invasion of Pennsylvania has shown to all the world how contemptible is the population that inhabits that monstrous chaos. The squirming of maggots is heroism compared with the senseless panic, and the stupid apathy which prevail there in about equal proportions. * * *

But ever since this war began she (Pennsylvania) has been fattening on the miseries of the country, her railroad managers and her contractors have pocketed their enormous profits, and her people have stayed at home to make money and to encourage political treason. Now when their rich territory is invaded by a mere handful of ragged rebels, they run shrieking and tumbling over one another, call upon New York and

New Jersey for help, and do not it is nothing in their own defence. Rhode Island, with her handful of brave men, would have driven out all the invaders in three days had they visited her; but this state with a population as large as half the white population of the South, lets herself be overrun without effectual resistance. All honor to the few men of courage there who do something—they need all our gratitude to support them under the dishonor of being born in such a state. And especial honor to the colored men who are coming forward so bravely under the authority of Major Stearns.

Lee's soldiers at the last accounts had spread themselves over the central southern counties, but seemed to be marching with some delay, but certainly upon Harrisburg and Pittsburg. Gen. Couch, in command at Harrisburg, may be able to stop them, but we fear not, for he has Pennsylvanians enough in his army to demoralize it. If Harrisburg falls, then we may see an attack on Philadelphia, but most probably Lee will move towards the Alleghanies. He is not safe from an attack by the Army of the Potomac, for Gen. Meade is close upon his rear, and prepared to offer battle.

Note the charges in the above—that Pennsylvania has a "contemptible population"—that they are not equal in spirit to "maggots"—that her people "are fattening on the miseries of the country"—that they have not gone to the war—that Pennsylvania has been invaded by "a mere handful of ragged rebels," whom "Rhode Island would have driven out in three days"—and that General Couch "has Pennsylvanians enough in his army to demoralize it."

Judged by the light which recent occurrences have shed upon the rebel invasion, how false, how stupid, how calumnious does not the greater portion of the above distribe appear.

Pennsylvania, unassisted by the Army of the Potomac, would have done her best—but that she would have been able in a few weeks to create an army sufficiently large, well-disciplined, and provided with artillery, to "take care," as another Boston paper, the *Transcript*, said, "of the whole of Lee's army," we cannot assert with a great degree of certainty. If Rhode Island could have done it "in three days," as the *Commonwealth* says, we are only sorry that Rhode Island is not located between us and the Virginia border—a situation in which we should be devoutly thankful if heaven would only place Massachusetts.

How is it, by-the-way, that the editor of the *Commonwealth*, who talks so valiantly, and asperses the courage of other men so recklessly, does not go himself to the war? As one Bostonian seems to be worth in his estimation an infinite number of Pennsylvanians, the reasons are infinitely greater that he should go than that the Pennsylvanians should—because they would only "demoralize" the army, and thus be worth less than nothing.

But to speak seriously, do not our New England friends know that there was no better fighting done in Virginia than by the Pennsylvania Reserves and other Pennsylvania troops? Do they not know that the three senior generals at Gettysburg, including the commander-in-chief, were Pennsylvanians—and that there were a large number of regiments from this state in that battle? Judging from the accounts by the army correspondents of the New York papers, certain Pennsylvania regiments were in the thickest of the fight. The army correspondent of the *New York Times* singled out the "Philadelphia Brigade" for special eulogy—saying that the dead rebels were piled higher in front of their position than in any other place.

Philadelphia has given to the Army of the Potomac two leaders—the only two that have won any victories—has Boston done better? She has given to the military service between 40,000 and 50,000 men—has Boston done better?

The Pennsylvania Reserves, a corps of 16,000 men, organized expressly for state defence, and led by such officers as McCall and Meade, were freely offered to the Federal Government when the news came of Bull Run. Do our slater states forget that offer, and its value to the Union?

It may be said we should have organized another corps. We ought to have done so. And yet if we had, it doubtless also would have been given to the Federal service on one of the several perilous moments that have since occurred. Why, if we had had such a force in existence at the time of the late invasion, it probably would have been ordered to join with and strengthen the Army of the Potomac, instead of opposing the direct march into the state of the invading forces.

The truth is, as near as we can get at it, that the Federal military authorities did not think it wise policy to oppose Lee with a strong force on the Pennsylvania border—and that conviction, and their consequent inaction in that direction, palsied the first natural uprising of our people. The military authorities seemed to think, if the wary old rebel rat is foolish enough to go into the trap, why scare him out in order to save a little cheese?

Thus the people of Pennsylvania, alarmed at a loud outcry in the papers, whose principal usefulness was that it deceived Lee, began to rush up to Harrisburg—and were there told they could not be allowed to aid in expelling the rebels from their state, unless they regularly entered the United States service for six months.

What was the natural result? They at once argued that the exigency was not so very great, and that they could not be so imperatively needed, or else the authorities would not be so particular as to the term of service.

And the truth is, that the Federal authorities, when you approached them, never did seem to be much alarmed. The *confidential* word always was, "things are going on exactly right." The masses of our citizens were entirely ready for martial law, and an ordering out of every able-bodied man in the community, but the military authorities said they thought it needless, unadvisable.

And thus beneath the loud notes in the newspapers was a calm conviction on the part of the best informed men—those who had every community—that the only real danger lay in the defeat of the Army of the Potomac. Still, even in that case, it was considered that the army would be only shattered, not destroyed; and that, falling behind the natural and artificial defences of the country, and aided by a turn-out of the whole population, it could hold its own until strengthened from other quarters.

That there is danger to the northern border states in not having a powerful reserve, all must admit—but even if you create a reserve, the best place for it—to use a Hibernicism—is probably in the front. For, as every one will say, why keep a large body of troops standing idle, in order to be of use after a defeat, when they might be thrown at once into the conflict and thus insure a speedy victory?

THE UNION CAVALRY.—The following extract from a private letter recently published in the *Germantown Telegraph*, written by one of the 9th Pennsylvania cavalry, now in the West, would seem to explain the reason of the superiority of the Union over the Rebel cavalry in that section of the country. The writer says:—

We get used to "wars and rumors of wars," and would only be too much rejoiced to have our brigade pitted against Jenkins's 3,500 in the Cumberland Valley. It would be glorious, going to fight on one's native soil, where we know the ground and roads, instead of this country, where we neither know the roads or fords, and lurking enemies are in front, rear and flanks, to carry information. Oh, if we could only get at them in Pennsylvania in the ratio of one to three, our minds would be quite at rest. The rebels here are hard fighting men, and are just as good as ours, perhaps better; but we have the great advantage of cavalry arms. Breech-loading carbines, revolving pistols and sabres, against their long muzzle loading rifles, so that we can always hold them at bay one to three, and whip them easily at one to two. If they had such arms as we carry, they would bear us back to the Ohio by dint of numbers. They are exceeding strong in cavalry.

But the rebel cavalry in the Atlantic states, if we are not mistaken, are armed in regular cavalry style, and still the superiority, of late, seems to be decidedly with our own troopers. Both in the East and the West, for several months past, the Union cavalry seem to far exceed the rebel, alike as regards daring enterprises, and steady, hand-to-hand fighting. Events have proved that Gen. Scott was entirely wrong in his views on this subject, and that on a field of warfare where the distances are so great, the cavalry arm of the service is not only useful, but absolutely indispensable.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND SINCE THE ACCESSION OF GEORGE THIRD. 1760—1860. By THOMAS ERSKINE MAY, C. B. Vol. 2. Published by Crosby & Nichols, Boston; and for sale by Smith, English & Co., Philadelphia.

A CRITICAL HISTORY OF FREE THOUGHT IN REFERENCE TO THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. Eight Lectures preached before the University of Oxford. By ADAM STOREY FARRAR, M. A. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and for sale by W. P. Hazard, Philadelphia.

REMEDY FOR SMALL POX.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

FOX LAKE, June 27th.

Mr. Editor:—In the last number of THE POST I find an article entitled—"Indian remedy for small pox," which is no doubt a very effective cure. I would suggest that the writer in the Druggist's Circular or Dr. Morris should give a *very little* more attention to the common names of plants; Sarracenia purpuria being "side saddle flower;" while the pitcher plant is the Nepenthes Distillatoria of the Indies.

I make this suggestion because mistakes in common names are sometimes very dangerous. Respectfully J. L. WEED.

☞ A man was intending to be married the other day, or rather night, in Greenwich, Mass. All preparations were completed, and the bride and two hundred guests were present all ready for the ceremony. After waiting for the bridegroom till a late hour, the party broke up on account of his non-arrival. The next day the dilatory lover made his appearance, saying that he had not thought it best to venture out the previous evening, on account of the storm!

☞ A cotemporary says:—"The two opposing armies in the North may be said to have imbibed, of late, a pastoral taste—since they are now led by,

"Spangled Meade and flowery Lee."

☞ What the Poles are doing to the Russians—*Polish*-ing them off.

"TOGETHER."

BY EDWARD WILLETT.

Together! together! Oh, why should we part?
Together in hand, and together in heart!
Shoulder to shoulder, as ever before,
Oh, still let us strive for the Union of yore!

Oh, well may we bleed, as our forefathers bled,
For Liberty dies when the Union is dead.
Then, still let us cling to our Union of old;
It is better than all of *our* lives and our gold.

Northerner, Southerner, still you are one,
Spite of the foul deeds that traitors have done—
Spite of your bloodshed and spite of your hate!
Living or dead, you are joined in your fate.

As one you have risen: as one you must fall;
And one flag or no flag must float over all.
For better or worse we have plighted our troth,
And the rules of Union must bury us both.

Then bloody and long though the contest may be,
Our freemen must fight for the cause of the free.
Though rivers of blood may yet deluge the land,
Our heart must not fail us, nor slacken our hand.

No counting of cost! for the Union is worth
All the lives of the South and the lives of the North;
For what is of value to you and to me,
If the stars shall be torn from the flag of the free?

Together! together! Join hands once again!
Though years be before us of toil and of pain.
Together! together! we conquer or fall;
For one flag or no flag must float over all!

THE COMMANDER OF THE UNION ARMY.—General Meade's military history has already been given to the world. His private and personal biography (which now belongs to the country that he has served so well) is briefly this;

He was born at Cadiz, the commercial metropolis of Spain, in 1816. His father, Richard Worsam Meade, of Philadelphia, was then Consul of the United States and Navy Agent at that port, having been appointed to those offices under President Thomas Jefferson in 1800, and continued in them under Presidents Madison and Monroe. Near the close of Monroe's administration he returned to the United States with his family. During the twenty years of his residence in Spain, Richard W. Meade became "the father of eight living children." Among those eight children was George Gordon Meade, now commanding the army of the Potomac.

Consul Meade figured largely in the momentous events of the period of his residence in Spain. He maintained possession of the confidence of not only successive administrations at home, but of all the various governments which, at fitful intervals, took possession of Madrid.

His services in aiding the re-establishment of the independence of Spain were gratefully acknowledged, not only by the King, the Regency, and the Cortes of the kingdom, but by the Duke of Wellington, who, when known only by the title of Sir Arthur Wellesley, and afterwards Baron Wellington, was a personal friend and occasional visitor of Mr. Meade. The conqueror on the bloody battle-field near Gettysburg has been often "borne in the arms and dandled on the knees" of the British hero of the peninsular campaigns and the subsequent victor at Waterloo.—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ General Grant is, in camp, addicted to the "use of the weed" to a moderate extent; but on the battle-field he indulges more than usual. The more desperate the battle, the more extravagant his use of Cubas and Principes. When his men are pushing forward and the enemy giving way, the blue smoke ascends at regular intervals in small and scarcely perceptible curls. When the ground is being contested, his face is lost in Cuban exhalations. When there is a prospect that the day will go against him, he ceases to smoke, and commences to punish his innocent exotic by vigorously biting the end of it. When he rides along the front without a cigar, there is no enemy in front except a small body of rebel cavalry, and he knows it.

☞ Humboldt estimates that an acre of ground planted with bananas is sufficient to support fifty men, while the same extent of land in wheat would barely supply the wants of three. If the climate in the valley of the Mississippi would admit of the cultivation of the banana, at the above rate, as there is said to be land enough for eight millions of farms of one hundred and sixty acres each, one half or four millions would sustain a population of thirty-two thousand millions, which is more than thirty times the present population of the globe.

☞ An economical hint for the Secretary of the Navy—Let our sailors be taught to make their own stockings out of the "yarns" they manufacture.

☞ The navy officers say that the ironclad monitors are uninhabitable, and that Ericsson must invent wrought-iron men to work in them; ordinary men can't stand them.

☞ How the Prince of Wales popped the question to the Princess of Denmark—"Please *deign* to marry me?" And the fair Dane *deigned*.

☞ A man who cannot command his temper, his attention, and his countenance, should not think of being a man of business.

☞ "Honesty," says Archbishop Whatley, "is the best policy; but he who acts upon this principle is not an honest man."

☞ The young lady who took the gentleman's fancy has returned it with thanks.

THE GREAT BATTLE.

The lofty commendation of the New York Times thus lately but briefly describes the great three days' battle of Gettysburg:

GETTYSBURG, July 4.—As the details, the incidents and the grand history of the great victory are brought to light, it is clearly defined as the most hotly contested and decisive engagement of the great rebellion. The peculiar feature of the battle is the bravery and desperation with which it was fought. It was a struggle in which each army placed the issues of the national arms and the value of the Army of the Potomac in the unpardonable assault of brilliant history.

The battle occupied three days. Six hours fighting on Wednesday, four hours on Thursday, and including the artillery firing on Friday, thirteen hours that day, making a total of twenty-three hours during which the battle raged with extreme fury.

The most severe and decisive part of the battle was that on Friday. It began really at daylight, and continued until 10 o'clock, the principal part of the musketry fighting being on the right, with Slocum's corps. A lull of three hours followed, during which the enemy massed his artillery on a ridge in front, held by Hancock with the second and Newton with the first corps. At one o'clock one hundred and twenty guns opened on that position, and rained shot and shell in a perfect deluge for one hour and forty minutes. A graphic description of this terrible period has already been furnished to the Times by an abler pen than mine, for that writer and one of the Times' messengers had the exciting felicity of enduring that storm of iron during the whole time. Mr. Wilkeson is at to-day engaged in the mournful duty of obtaining the remains and effects of his eldest son, the gallant young Bayard, who was mortally wounded on Wednesday, left on the field, and dying finally, after ten hours' suffering, without a friend or a word to soothe the dying agonies of his soul. Lieut. Wilkeson was but nineteen years old, yet had command of Battery G, 4th regular artillery. His death adds another noble soul to the holocaust of this terrible war.

I rode this morning over the entire length of the battle-field, and it is not too much to say, for I have seen nearly every other battle-field in Maryland and Virginia, that the slaughter was perfectly unparalleled. Our details were busily engaged in collecting and burying the dead, and the ghastly, terrible sights were enough to shock a heart of adamant.

The vast number of dead lying in front of Slocum's line, on the right, and of Hancock's and Newton's on the centre, attracted much comment. They had literally been mown down by whole ranks at a single discharge. Slocum accomplished a bloody repulse of Ewell's corps on Friday morning, sustaining but small loss himself, his position being very formidable, against which the enemy insanely charged.

But the field full of the greatest incidents and the scene of the most desperate fighting, was on the centre, in front of Hancock and Newton, against whom Longstreet's corps were precipitated. The enemy's front was that of one division in line of battle; there were two such lines, and a very heavy line of skirmishers, almost equal to another line of battle. Out of their concealment in the woods they came across the open fields and up the gentle crest, on the top of which was our line—a weak line of men behind a line of defences hastily thrown up, and composed partly of stone walls, partly of rifle-pits, and partly of natural projections of the solid rock. The first charge was repulsed; the line broke and fell back before it had reached a point two-thirds the way over. A second line was formed; the officers came to the front, and with the onset of fierce and brutal hearts they rushed. Our men looked with astonishment, while fighting with great vigor; their line was dangerously weak; the defences were not formidable. A few men temporarily gave way; our advance, in some instances, slightly faltered. The artillery engaged was small in force, having been seriously weakened during the early part of the fight. The rebels came on so close that their expressions of fierce rage were plainly distinguished; some of them actually gained the inside of the wall—but they never returned. Our immortal men, nerved to a degree of desperation never before equalled, poured forth such a devastating fire, and the artillery joining with its terrible canister, that the two long lines of the foe literally sank into the earth. Of the divisions of Pickett and Heth, who made that charge, composed of eight brigades, positively not two brigades returned uninjured across the field. The color-bearers of thirty-five rebel regiments, who were in that charge, were shot down, the colors fell on the field, and were gathered up by the victorious veterans of the 2d corps. Being repulsed, large numbers of the enemy started back on the retreat, but our fire was so destructive that they fell flat on their faces, or again rushed about and implored mercy at our hands as prisoners of war. Seven colonels of rebel regiments were buried on that field this morning; eight more were captured, beside those who were wounded and crawled or were taken off. Among the rebel officers killed and captured on that front, were Barksdale on Thursday; Garnett killed, and Armistead wounded, on Friday—these general officers, Col. Magruder, brother of Gen. Magruder, killed; Col. Lee, of the 48th Virginia, a prisoner; Col. Allen, of the 48th Georgia, is killed; Col. Miller, of the 42d Mississippi, is a prisoner and wounded; Col. Frye, of the 13th Alabama, and Col. Ashburn, of Virginia, are both prisoners. All these were captured or destroyed by the brigade of Gen. Webb, a most intrepid officer, who won, with many others, the highest plaudits for his conduct.

A peculiar fact concerning our position is contained in the expression of surprise which the rebel officers uttered when they passed our lines as prisoners of war. One of the Colonels said, as he looked at our line, "Where are the men who fought us?" "Here," said a Captain. "My God!" exclaimed the Colonel, "if we only had another line we could have whipped you;" and then, still gazing about him with astonishment, he continued, with great emphasis, "By G—d, we could have whipped you as it was!" This is a positive fact, and illustrates how the noble Army of the Potomac can yet fight, after all the imputations of demoralization and inefficiency which have been heaped upon it.

The second division of the second corps loses 49 officers killed and wounded, and 1,796 enlisted men killed and wounded.

THE STATE OF THE CASE.

According to the New York Post, "the number of troops actually sent from New York state into Pennsylvania, to aid in repelling the invasion, was 7,895." As there were some sixteen regiments, there could only have been about 495 in a regiment, on an average, according to this statement. Considering that this invasion threatened New York city and state as well as Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, this militia force is not so large as some of the New York journals seem to imagine. It must very opportunely, however, and the effort was very patriotic on the part of the people of New York, as well as their Governor; and we thank them, sincerely for their aid. Pennsylvania, however, has furnished probably about 80,000 men—as Philadelphia has already sent the following troops:—

	Men.
Reserve Brigade, 1st regiment,	1,010
" " 2d regiment,	900
Union League Brigade, 1st regiment,	1,046
" " 2d regiment,	900
Merchants' League regiment,	800
Coal Trade, 1st regiment,	1,046
" " 2d regiment,	800
Corn Exchange regiment,	800
20th regiment P. M., Col. Thomas,	1,200
Bildesburg Guards,	120
Washington Infantry, (Small's reg., 8 cos.)	840
Landis' battery,	118
Mann's company,	98
1st City Troop,	85
Miller's battery,	90
Starr's battery,	109
Police company,	100
31st regiment P. M., 3 companies,	240
Woodward's battery,	88
Company from Merrick's foundry,	85
24 Keystone battery,	140
Capt. Spear's company,	100
Aggregate, so far, from Philadelphia,	10,788

LIVING IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

The progress of the war has developed the ability of our soldiers to surmount almost any physical obstacle, and to live in places hitherto regarded as uninhabitable. Now we learn that not only is the Great Dismal Swamp habitable but even salubrious, according to the war correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, who says:

The name of the Great Dismal Swamp starts a feeling of ill-defined dread and horror in the breasts of those who have become acquainted with its soft and slimy labyrinths only through the medium of romance. It is impossible to conceive of any one but a black, herculean, enthusiastic Dred, who could exist amid the noxious miasmas of the Great Dismal Swamp. They believe a man who attempts to live beneath the shade of upas-like trees is sure as destiny of certain death. Yet this great Dismal Swamp is actually healthy, is occupied by our soldiers, and is pronounced salubrious by our surgeons. The 177th Pennsylvania regiment went there with almost two hundred on the sick list, and now they have scarcely two dozen. This is miraculous, when we consider how they have to contend against frogs, snakes, lizards and wood-ticks. The Salt Sulphur Springs of Magnolia were a favorite resort of the *creme de la creme* of Virginia and North Carolina; yet this beautiful watering-place is almost upon the margin of what I would call the northwest lobe of the swamp, on the road leading from Suffolk to Portsmouth. Juniper water alone can be found in the depth of this waste. It is of a light claret color, and very wholesome.

☞ Farmers never fail in business. The Massachusetts Plowman states that out of 1,113 persons who took the benefit of the late bankrupt act in that state, only 14 were farmers. In New York, 2,250 took the benefit of the act, and only 46 were farmers. The profits of agriculture may be slow, but they are sure.

☞ A woman was stung to death by bees, at Unity, Columbiana county, Ohio, on the 8th instant. Her children had tormented the bees with a stick, and they flew at the lady in such numbers and stung her so fiercely that she lived only fifteen minutes.

☞ PUT TO A USEFUL PURPOSE.—A Detroit paper says that in one of the gardens in that city a large crinoline may be seen, suspended by a pole running through the centre, forming a circular trellis, around which cypress vines and morning glories are climbing upward. Being pyramidal in form, it looks like a well hooped green velvet dress, embroidered with flower work. We presume some old bachelor lives where that garden is located.

☞ A SMART BOY.—"Fred," said a little four year old boy the other day, "give me a sixpence to buy a monkey?" "We've got a monkey in the house now," replied the elder brother. "Who is it, Fred?" asked the little fellow. "*You*," was the reply. "Then give me a sixpence to buy the monkey some nuts." His brother "shelled out."

LATEST NEWS.

We have a large number of despatches in reference to the movements of the two armies, but have room for only a few. The rebels seem to agree that Lee has fallen back on Hagerstown across the Potomac, and that he is preparing to cross the river. Meade is reported as following his movements closely, and as preparing for a battle. Lee appears, from the latest despatches, to have crossed Williamsport. Our forces are reported as being close upon his rear. Another battle may be fought at Hagerstown.

The prisoners taken in the late battles were sent to Baltimore, Fort Delaware and Johnson's Island. The latter place is reported to be full, and no more prisoners will be sent there. Fort Delaware is also full, and Baltimore is filling up fast. Over 10,000 prisoners are reported to be in the latter place, and 7,000 in Fort Delaware.

In the late battle at Helena, Ark., the rebel loss is said to have been over 1,500, and the Federal loss 250.

The draft commenced in Boston, Chicago and the interior. The quota of Cook county, in the latter, was 6,000. Governor Yates has issued a proclamation calling for the enrolment of 17,000 men in that county, to avoid a draft.

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The news by the Great Eastern seems to indicate that no steps will be taken by any of the European Powers towards mediation in our affairs.

☞ Southey used to say that "the moment anything assumed the shape of a duty, Coleridge felt himself incapable of doing it."

☞ HIS SHARE.—It is stated that the amount of prize money now standing to the credit of Admiral Du Pont at the Navy Department is not less than two hundred thousand dollars.

☞ AN English *savant* asserts that the form of a drop of every fluid is different, and that adulteration of a liquid may be detected by the change in the form of its drop. Therefore when topers take "a drop" they have only to notice its form to know whether it is the pure stuff!

☞ The editor of the Machias Republican has a long, learned, eloquent and poetical article on "Fleas." He evinces an intimate acquaintance with the subject, and speaks as one having great experience. He offers a reward of one cent to any one who will discover a means of exterminating the ferocious insect. We trust that some benevolent person will hasten to his relief.—*Portland Transcript.*

☞ The students of Clinton College have a new idea of a social smoke. They have an enormous bowl, capable of holding half a pound of the weed, from which radiates numerous stems. All sit around the bowl, and applying the stems to their mouths, have a jolly time.

☞ TEA TWO BUNGS.—Vicksburg! Gettysburg! To whom shall we *Grant* the *Meade* of praise?

☞ The original will of Richard Cœur de Lion (Richard I.) of England, who died in 1199, was recently produced in evidence before a committee of the English House of Lords. It is is only just towards the distinguished deceased and the committee, however, to say that they could not have read a word of it if they had not been assisted by a corps of profound antiquarian scholars.

☞ Most witty men think that wit was given them as claws were given to a cat, to scratch with.

☞ The man who courted an investigation says it isn't half as good as courting an affectionate girl.

☞ To cure dyspepsia, take a new ax, put a white hickory handle in it, bore a hole in the top of the handle, fill the hole with gum camphor, and seal it up. Then take the ax and cut cord wood at fifty cents a cord, until the heat of the handle dissolves the camphor. Dose to be taken daily.

☞ At the Greenwich Observatory, there is not a minute in the twenty-four hours but some student is watching the heavens through the telescope.

☞ Do one thing at a time—that's the rule. When you have done slandering your neighbors then begin to say your prayers.

☞ Kisses between women are like two handsome unmatched gloves—charming things with their proper mates, but good for nothing in that way.

☞ The Treasury department having stopped printing the postal currency, is now burning that which is returned, preparatory to the new issue.

☞ How can it be proved that a horse has six legs? Because he has four legs in front and two behind.

☞ The young lady who promises one gentleman and marries another, hasn't the "right ring" about her.

☞ It is said that Buckner at Fort Donelson, to be prepared for any turn of fortune, had a couple of flags tied to opposite ends of a long pole—a coat stolen from a neighboring farmer for a black flag, and a *shirt* stolen from his wife for a white one. While the Federals kept at a distance from the fort, he displayed the coat end of his flagstaff, but as they approached he shifted!

☞ A GOOD HINT.—Send your little child to bed happy. Whatever cares press, give it a warm good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the stormy years which fate may have in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds.

☞ The most miserable pettifogging in the world is that of a man in the court of his own conscience.

SUMMER STUDIES.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Why should thou study in the month of June
The dusty books of Greek and Hebrew lore,
When the great Teacher of all glorious things
Comes in bloody light before thy door.

There is a brighter book unveiling now!
Fair are its leaves as in the tree of Heaven,
All veined, and dowed, and gemmed with wondrous figure,
To which a healing mystic power is given.

How is that glorious resurrection time,
When all earth's buried beauties have new birth!
Behold the yearly miracle complete,
God hath created a new heaven and earth!

No tree that wants its joyful garments now,
No flower but hastes its bravery to don;
God bids thee to his marriage feast of joy,
Let thy soul put the wedding garment on.

All flinged with festal gold the barbery stands,
The furze, exultant, clap their new made wings,
The hemlock rustles broideries of fresh green,
And, thousand bells of pearl the blueberry rings.

Hast thou no *time* for all this wondrous show—
No thought to spare? Will thou forever be
With thy last year's dry flower-stalks and dead leaves,
And no fair shoot or blossom on thy tree?

See how the pines push off their last year's leaves,
And stretch beyond them with exultant bound;
The grass and flowers with living power o'er grow
Their last year's remnants on the greening ground.

Will thou, then, all thy winter feeling keep,
The old dead routine of thy book writ lore;
Nor deem that God can teach, by one bright hour,
What life hath never taught to thee before?

See what vast leisure, what unbounded rest,
Lie in the bending dome of the blue sky;
Ah, breathe that life-born langor from thy breast;
And know once more a child's unreasoning joy.

Cease, cease to *think*, and be content *to be*—
Swing safe at anchor, in fair nature's bay;
Reason no more, but o'er thy quiet soul
Let God's sweet teachings ripple their soft way.

Soar with the bird, and flutter with the leaf;
Dance with the seeded grass in fringy play;
Sail with the cloud; wave with the dreamy pine
And float with nature all the live-long day.

Call not such hours an idle waste of life;
Land that lies fallow gains a quiet power:
It treasures from the brooding of God's wings
Strength to unfold the future tree and flower.

So shall it be with thee, if restful still
Thou rightly studiest the summer hours;
Like a deep fountain which a brook doth fill,
Thy mind in seeming rest doth gather power.

And when the summer's glorious show is past,
Its miracles no longer charm thy sight,
The treasured riches of these thoughtful hours
Shall make thy wintry musings warm and bright.

—*Independent.*

THE TWO LEGACIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Shall you do this thing, Marion?"

"I shall do it, Laura."

The difference betwixt the two voices was as great as was that betwixt the characters of the interrogator and responder.

The first voice was a little raised, amazement and something else pendulous betwixt disapproval and indignation.

The other was calm, self-poised, firm. The tones left no doubt behind them. Whatsoever was the thing this speaker said she would do, that she would, undischingly, absolutely.

"Well, I wouldn't have believed it, Marion. You will do the most foolish thing of your life, and one you will most certainly live to regret. Every sensible person in the world must admit that."

"I can only of course speak for myself, Laura. I have acted in this matter in accordance with my honest and dearest convictions of what was right. I have done my duty so far as I could see it. It has of course cost me a struggle, but that was no reason that I should not make the sacrifice if it was right."

"If it was right. I cannot see it in the light you do."

"And I cannot see it in any other. You know, Laura, that our Uncle Gerald had no right to this land, however the law might award it to him. He has the right of the dead to gentle judgment, but, alas! the truth cannot strong against him; this money which he has left to his will was obtained by fraud and wrong, and if he had dealt fairly and justly by me was what he should have. In my mother's hands we should never have received the property he left us in his will. And I do not want the wages of iniquity. They would burn in my fingers—they would rust in my soul. Ever since I have known the truth the thought of that five thousand dollars has lain like a dead weight upon me; I felt that I had no right to retain it—that in doing so I was robbing the widow and the fatherless."

"Marion!"

"That is the truth, Laura. You know Uncle Gerald did not get this land honestly of Edward Nicholls, that he took advantage of his circumstances and illness to wrest it from him, and though he managed to keep the law on his side, the deed was one of shameful wrong."

"Perhaps so, but then we are not responsible for Uncle Gerald's doings. Whoever heard of heirs refusing to accept their rightful property because the owners thereof hadn't always obtained it in most righteous fashion? I fancy if everybody was to set to work to explore their inheritances after your code, there'd be precious little comfort in owning any property. Your plan's utopian, Marion—common sense contradicts it."

"Right and justice do not, Laura, and, as I said, I have made up my mind."

"And you will give up the whole?"

"The whole."

"And that month at Saratoga—that journey to the White Mountains, and that tour among the lakes?" persisted Laura Jennings.

The sweet face of Marion Lynch certainly fell into a shadow of regret, but that did not prevent her from answering,

"Yes. I must give up those and somewhat more, the little nest of a gray gothic cottage I had intended to build just beyond the grove of cedars for mother and Harry and me. That was the fairest vision in the perspective of my future."

"You are a foolish girl, oh, Marion."

"Well," with a little faint smile touched with sweetness, "I have sought to know the truth, and to do it."

"For my part, I shall not sacrifice myself to any such squeamish notions of right. As I understand it, this land is mine, bequeathed to me by my uncle's will, whose property it was according to law, no matter how he got it. So it's my right, and I'm going to keep it, and have some nice times out of it, too," playing with the ivory handle of her parasol. "And won't you envy me this summer when you think of the delightful life I am leading at Newport and Saratoga, in Canada and on the lakes?"

"I probably shall," said Marion Lynch.

The conversation transpired in the parlor of a large, pleasant old-fashioned homestead in a village somewhere in the heart of Massachusetts.

It was late in May, and the windows were opened, and the rose briers were ruffled with leaves and strung thick with buds that were prophesies of bloom.

The birds filled the air with the joy of their singing, the sunshine poured its golden tides through the large, old-fashioned parlor, which gathered up two-thirds of a century in its silent memories.

These girls of whom I write did not vary six months in their ages—both were a little beyond their twenties; both, although not beautiful, had fair and interesting faces; both were fatherless, the daughters of widows, whose very limited means demanded the strictest economy in all household and personal expenditures; the social position of both the young ladies was the best which the sleepy old country town afforded, and at considerable sacrifices the mothers of both had given their daughters the best of educations.

But the quality of the two girls differed absolutely. Laura Jennings was a bright, sparkling, intelligent, socially attractive girl, but indolence and self-indulgence lay at the roots of her life. No heroic impulse ever thrilled her into lofty aim or purpose; no high affections ever inspired, no sacrifices ever consecrated her life. It was wholly of the earth, earthy; yet writing these words they seem severe and harsh, of one who was usually so pleasant and agreeable a companion, who had no glaring faults of temper or character, and who was, as I said, a general favorite with those who knew her. There she sat on the old-fashioned sofa in the blossoming of her years, with the pretty straw hat shading the fair face, with its bloom of lip and cheeks, with the brightness in its eyes and hair, little suspecting the real depth and meaning of the sentiments she was speaking, or how they were their own true witnesses. A little way from her by the window sat the cousin and hostess, with her sweet, delicate face, about which lay the dark, shining hair, the blue eyes full of bright and tender meanings, and the lips sometimes set in lines of earnest thought, sometimes sweet and tremulous as a little child's.

To both of these girls' lives came not long ago a great surprise. Their mother's brother, a childless widower, died somewhat suddenly, and left each of his nieces some building lots, which had lately come into his possession. The land was valued at ten thousand dollars, and half of this seemed a large fortune to each of the girls.

The imaginations of both did flame and flower about their unexpected legacies; what visions of new scenes and enjoyments, of new life and experience rose along the golden perspective of their future!

But Marion's dreams were not all for herself. The little cottage lifted itself like a small gray nest by the grove of dark green cedars; for the homestead where her mother had first seen the light was growing old, and was now too large for the small family it sheltered, and as Marion had resolved to gather them all into a little home cottage.

But one day, no matter how, suffice it the facts did not admit of a shadow of doubt, the cousins learned that their uncle had not obtained this land which he had bequeathed them, fairly, honestly.

It is true that he had a legal claim to it, for he was a shrewd, hard, grasping man whose soul was rusted with the love of gain, and he would be certain never to claim anything to which the letter of the law did not entitle him; but the man had gotten possession of this land by taking unfair advantage of another who had believed in him, trusted him, and was in his power. And this man had died resolvent a year afterward, leaving his broken-hearted wife, with her boy and baby girl, helpless, penniless, desolate, and he had affirmed on his dying bed to the friend who disclosed this fact to the nieces of Gerald Douglass, that his financial ruin would never have been consummated had not the old man taken cruel advantage of his necessities.

From that hour Marion Lynch had felt that this legacy was no longer hers. I admit that she had not come to the fixed purpose of resigning it without many struggles, without prayers, and tears.

It was hard certainly to give up all the fair visions in which her hopes had draped the coming summer, hardest of all to resign the little gray cottage which had thrown out temptingly from among the cedars.

But ever before her had arisen the vision of the broken-hearted wife and her fair-haired fatherless children, and the soul of Marion was tender, and her sense of justice keen and strong; and at last she rose up and said, "I will have nothing to do with this wages of iniquity," and so she had gotten the victory.

Mrs. Lynch did not influence her daughter against her higher convictions in this matter. She was a Christian woman!

"Oh, I cannot give up my child—my child and Edward's. It would kill me!" said the poor young mother in a voice which was loud and sharp, as though she was writhing in some sudden pain. A young, pale, pretty woman she was, little fitted to do battle with the world, little fitted to go out alone in its storms, and its cold. You saw that in the very attitude of the delicate, almost fragile, figure, in the faded face; a gentle, refined woman, one who would be a clinging, loving housewife and mother.

She was seated in a small, but pleasant front chamber, where she had boarded with a friend since her husband's death, intending to make some plans for her future and her children's, and looking out into the great, loud busy world with her pale, wistful, shuddering face. Two sweet children, a bright faced boy of four, and a little golden curled thing of two, were playing on the floor.

The friend, who for love and pity's sake, had received the widow and orphans into her family at a merely nominal sum, had just proposed to Mrs. Nicholls that her boy should become an inmate of the Children's Home. She did this with great reluctance, and in tender sympathy for the mother, but for all that her words were like a terrible blow which struck down into the core of the heart of Ellen Nicholls.

"I know it is very hard, my dear," continued the kind friend in her half apologetic, half persuasive voice. But if you can consent to be separated from the child, you may be assured that he will be perfectly comfortable, that he will have kind care, and—"

Mrs. Nicholls put up her hands with a deprecatory gesture.

"Don't, don't, Mary! Your words stab me. It would kill me to give up my boy! To think of going all through the day hungering after a sight of his dear little face, after the sound of his merry voice. And to think of him sitting all alone among those strange children, with his heart heavy and sick for his mother—his mother who couldn't take him in her arms any more, and sing him to sleep—his mother who couldn't steal up softly every night to his little crib, and watch him smiling in his dreams, and thank God that her poor fatherless boy was happy after all. No, no, Mary. Anything but that. I'll work early and late with hands so little used to it. I'll live on a crust—there's nothing in the world so humble or mean that I won't do—only don't take away my children from me."

Mrs. Nicholls's friend had no heart to urge the matter further, so she only added with the tears a-strain in her throat,

"You know, Ellen, I would never have suggested this, only I could not see what was to become of you and the children."

"I know it, Mary. That thought haunts me by night, and by day. And sometimes it seems as though it must drive me mad. Oh, if Edward were only alive—poor Edward, he feared what was coming in his dying hours. I wonder how that old man can sleep in his grave, Mary."

"What man?" for Mrs. Nicholls's eyes had a sudden wildness in them that was almost fierce, and her voice had come out of its sobs into a kind of frozen steadiness.

"*That* man—whom else should I mean—but Gerald Douglass, that man who so wronged the dead, and the living. If it had not been for the imposition he practised, the advantage he took of Edward, my fatherless children would not now be thrown, with their helpless mother, on the world. It seems to me that our sorrows must cry up to God against that man, and cry down into his grave a curse." Poor woman! in her anguish she did not know what she was saying.

At that moment there was a knock at the door, and a domestic entered with a letter for Mrs. Nicholls.

The bold hand was a stranger's. And the lady opened it with a vague hope and fear. She ran over the contents, and then held it toward her friend, her face shining with a great light behind its tears for joy.

"Is it true—is it true, Mary?"

The letter was brief and business like, from one of the executors of Gerald Douglass's will, stating that his niece had resigned her share in the lands which the deceased had bequeathed her, in favor of Mrs. Nicholls, whom she had never seen, but whom she believed had the best right to them; and the lady was at liberty to take immediate possession of the property. Which, if sold, would probably bring her about five thousand dollars.

"Yes, it is true, Ellen!"

"And I can keep my children," sobbed the happy mother. "We'll go away off into the country, and rent a little nest of a cottage; and the interest will support us. You've no idea how economical I'll be there, Mary, and do all my own work; and, oh, what a happy home I shall have. What a happy mother I shall be. And for this girl, to whom we shall owe everything—I will beseech God day and night for her sake, and teach my children to name her in every prayer. And the widow and the orphan shall bring down blessings on her head."

Not long afterward Marion Lynch heard this story with tears of grateful joy that God had given her grace to do so good a deed in this world. Six months after the conversation with which our story commences the cousins sat alone together in the parlor.

Laura Jennings had been giving her cousin a most brilliant description of the charming time she had had at Newport and Saratoga, and concluded her lively recital with an interrogation.

"Don't you wish you had been with me, Marion?"

"I should have enjoyed it intensely, no doubt.

"And don't you regret now, my dear, that refined conscientiousness that made you resign the property Uncle Gerald left you?"

The faces of the pale young mother and the sweet children rose and stood as in a vision before Marion Lynch. "Oh, no, not for a moment, Laura," she answered, her face thrilling into new light with some feeling behind it.

"And you would do the same thing over again if you were to go back to that time?" persisted the astonished, half incredulous cousin.

"I would do the very same thing right over again."

"Well, Marion, I must say you are a mystery to me."

And Marion's reward was one that her cousin knew not of.

THE CHEAPEST CAPITAL IN EUROPE;

Or, How to Live Cheaply in Vienna.

In the summer of the year 1850, I was staying for a short time at Dresden, partly in order to revisit its magnificent picture-gallery, but principally with a view of making a walking tour through the so-called Saxon Switzerland, upon the arrival of two of my friends. One exceedingly hot afternoon, after spending some time upon the Bruhler Terrace, smoking cigars, gazing dreamily at the beautiful prospect, and silently comparing the clear blue water of the Elbe with that of the Thames at London Bridge, I suddenly discovered that the heat and dust had made me extremely thirsty, so I sauntered slowly off to a cafe at no great distance, to refresh myself with a glass of the celebrated Waldschlosschen beer, so called from the place at which it is brewed, in the immediate neighborhood of Dresden.

When I entered the cafe I found half-a-dozen stout red-faced personages seated at one of the tables, discussing beer, and, as usual at that time, the Italian question; for the war in Italy between the French and Austrians being at its height, it was, wherever one went, the invariable theme of conversation. I sat down near these gentlemen, and took part in the conversation, which presently turned from Italian affairs to Austria in general, and afterwards to Vienna in particular, about which city there seemed to be but one opinion, for all the stout personages declared with one accord that it was, without exception, the dearest place upon the face of the earth. At hearing this, a short, plump, good-natured looking individual who had entered the cafe a few minutes before, and was sitting at a table at no great distance from us, suddenly looked out of his beer glass, and exclaimed: "I really beg your pardon, gentlemen, but I think that there are just now very few places in which one can live so cheaply as in Vienna, if one only knows how to manage. I spent about a month there very lately, and I assure you that, although I lived very well, my whole expenses did not amount to more than twenty dollars (four pounds). Vienna is the cheapest capital in Europe."

"Impossible!" said several of us at once.

"Well, then," said he, as he took up his half empty glass and moved to our table, "I must try to convince you that it is possible, by telling you how I managed it myself, and how any of you may easily do so too, if you think fit to make the attempt. In case you should do so, I should recommend you to take as little luggage as possible with you: one suit of clothes, which, however, ought to be a very strong one, will be quite sufficient; but you should be provided with several hats, or, still better, caps, as these particular articles of dress are very liable to get lost or spoiled in Vienna. I arrived at that city about dusk one evening at the beginning of last month, and went straight from the railway station to the White Horse Hotel, which had been recommended to me, and where I got a very good bedroom and sitting room upon the second floor—"

"My dear sir," interrupted one of the party, "excuse me, but I know the hotel of which you speak very well, and I am perfectly certain that your lodgings alone in that hotel would cost you more than twenty dollars a month."

"Really, sir," answered the narrator, "I shall be a very long while before I get to the end of my story if I am thus interrupted. If you will only be patient, and listen quietly to me for a few minutes, I will show you that lodgings are not nearly so expensive as you suppose, if one really wishes to live cheaply. As I was saying, I went to the White Horse, which I found to be, as this gentleman says, a very excellent hotel. As I was rather tired, for I had been travelling all day, I did not go out that evening, but after partaking of a capital supper, and smoking a cigar, I went early to bed, and slept very soundly; so soundly, indeed, that it was nearly ten o'clock in the morning before I descended to the *salle-a-manger*, where I was soon occupied with a breakfast in no way inferior to the supper which I had discussed with so much satisfaction on the previous evening. After breakfast I lighted a cigar, and strolled lazily about the streets, now and then refreshing myself with a glass of beer, which, by-the-by, is not nearly so good as our Waldschloesschen beer, as I can assure you, gentlemen. Kellner, bringen Sie mir noch ein Glas Bier."

He remained silent until the beer was brought, when he took a long draught, and then continued:

"I got rid of the time in this way until about five o'clock, when I directed my steps towards the hotel where I had determined to dine, as I had heard so much of the excellence of its *table-d' hote* and the purity of its wines. The dinner itself far surpassed my expectation; it was indeed a sumptuous meal, lasting more than two hours, and including all the delicacies of the season. After dinner, most of the guests left the room; only six or seven remained, who appeared to have indulged so freely in the pleasures of the table, that they were not inclined for locomotion, and therefore ordered coffee to be served for them at one of the smaller tables. I noticed this, and immediately determined upon my plan of operations. I quietly laid down the bill, which had just been presented to me by a waiter, by the side of my plate, and ordered coffee for myself also; telling the waiter to serve it at the same table at which the other gentlemen were sitting. As soon as my coffee was served, I joined the other coffee-drinkers at their table, and found, as I expected, that their conversation was upon the subject of the war in Italy. My companions were all Austrians, and they very naturally pronounced the Emperor of the French to be a monster of iniquity, the very incarnation of injustice. I, for my part, took the opposite view of the question, and defended the French policy, at which they got gradually very angry; but their indignation knew no bounds when, after eulogising the French Emperor for nearly five minutes, I wound up by asserting that Louis Napoleon was nobler, more talented, and endowed with a higher sense of justice than any potentate in the world. They were beside themselves with fury; they started up, seized me by the collar, dragged me to the door, and finally threw me right out into the street; whilst I, of course, as soon as I could collect myself, lost no time in making my escape from such a dangerous locality. Who paid my bill, I really cannot tell; I am sorry to say that I did not; but you know, gentlemen, that self-preservation is the first object; and you see that I should only have exposed myself to further ill-treatment, had I ventured into the house again.

"I supped at another hotel in the same luxurious and inexpensive manner, and in this way found that Vienna is by no means so dear a place as is generally thought. My dinner and supper never cost me anything, as the conversation, in which I took care to take a prominent part, was invariably upon the subject of the Italian war, and I always adopted the French side of the question, concluding my remarks with the assertion, that Louis Napoleon was nobler, more talented, and endowed with a higher sense of justice than any potentate in the world; upon which I was always seized and kicked into the street, without having any time allowed me to pay for what I had consumed.

"Look, gentlemen, at this beautifully carved meerschaum cigar-holder—do you know that the value of this is fifteen florins, and that I did not pay one half-penny for it!

Yes this is really true. My attention was attracted one day as I was lounging in the street by a shop-window, in which a great number of meerschaum pipes and cigar-holders of exquisite workmanship were exposed for sale. After examining them for a short time through the window, I looked through the door into the shop, and saw, to my great disgust, that a young lady was seated behind the counter, in readiness to serve any purchaser who might chance to enter. This, of course, would not have suited my purpose, so I reluctantly passed on; but it fortunately occurred to me that I had seen another shop in a different part of the town, where equally beautiful pipes and cigar-holders were to be had, and in which I had remarked a man of gigantic stature and ferocious aspect. I walked to the shop, and looked through the window—yes, there he was again, smoking a huge cigar, and reading a newspaper, with an expression of face which showed that he was not highly delighted with the news contained therein. I entered the shop, and requested him to show me some meerschaum cigar-holders, upon which he laid down his newspaper, and very sulkily produced a number for my inspection, muttering something all the while, of which I could only distinguish the words 'those cursed Frenchmen.' I selected this cigar-holder, stuck my cigar quietly into it, and continued to smoke, taking up his newspaper, as if by accident. I cast my eyes upon it, pretended to start violently, and exclaimed:—'Ah, indeed! another Austrian defeat! Dear me, how unlucky your generals seem to be.'

"'Unlucky? *Donnerwetter!* yes,' said he; 'that infamous Emperor of the French has all the luck upon his side.'

"'I beg your pardon, my good man,' I replied; 'infamous he certainly is not; and he is a man of very unusual talent.'

"The argument was now fairly engaged in; it went through the usual phases; and, as I expected, upon my final assertion, that Louis Napoleon was nobler, more talented, and endowed with a higher sense of justice than any potentate in the world, he threw down his cigar, jumped over the counter, seized me by the throat, and after shaking me as a terrier does a rat, pushed me out into the street, when I, as usual, got out of the way as quickly as possible, leaving him no time to cool down, and then perhaps remember that I had omitted to pay for my cigar-holder.

"I went on in this way for more than a fortnight, dining, supping, and occasionally making small purchases at the expense of I really do not know whom, till at last, one evening after supper, just as I had concluded on the usual subject in the usual manner, and had been, as usual, forcibly ejected, two men, whom I remembered having seen in the hotel, seized me by the collar, informed me that they were officers of the royal and imperial police force, and took me off to the station-house. There I passed a very uncomfortable night, upon a wooden bed, in company with three pickpockets, and two men who had been arrested for being drunk and disorderly. The next morning, I was taken before a magistrate, who, after cross-examining me for nearly an hour, ordered me off to prison, where I was kept in durance vile for about ten days, and then forwarded, escorted by two gens d'armes, across the frontier; in a third-class carriage, certainly, but still at the expense of the Austrian government, who, I suppose, paid my bill at the White Horse, for I had no opportunity of doing so myself. As soon as I was out of the hands of the gens d'armes, I made the best of my way home, and arrived here only about twenty dollars poorer than when I left, a month before.

"You are now, I hope, gentlemen, convinced that Vienna is by no means the ruinously expensive place which it is generally supposed to be; and you will also see why I recommended you to take no luggage with you, and to provide yourselves with several hats or caps, as these are very liable to be damaged or lost, if you are in the habit of being kicked out of people's houses."

We all laughed heartily at our short friend's method of living cheaply; and I, for my own part, returned to my hotel with the pleasant consciousness of having learned something that afternoon, and fully convinced, by the short gentleman's arguments, that Vienna is, when scientifically handled, by no means a dear place, but, to use his own words, "the cheapest capital in Europe."

☞ The following curious question and answer, throwing a strong light upon the social habits of the subjects of the Pharaohs, has been translated from some lately discovered hieroglyphics. The question is—

Why is an Egyptian Son remarkable for his filial affection?

To which is appended the answer—

Because after the decease of his Papyi, he takes such care of his Mummy.—*Punch.*

☞ PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.—Old lady: "But, going in four wheel cabs! I'm so afraid of small pox!" Cabby: "You've no call to be afeared o' my cabs, mum, for I've 'ad the hind wheel vaccinated, and it took beautiful!"

☞ Gunpowder reduced to dust and applied to gunshot wounds, is the most powerful agent known for staunching the flow of blood.

HYMN

For the 97th Anniversary of American Independence.

I.

Lord, the people of the land
In Thy presence humbly stand;
On this day, when Thou didst free
Men of old from tyranny,
We, their children, bow to Thee.
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

II.

All our homes are red with blood;
Long our grief we have withstood;
Every hotel, each door-post,
Drips, at tidings from the host;
With the blood of some one lost.
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

III.

Comfort, Lord, the grieving one
Who bewails a stricken son!
Comfort, Lord, the weeping wife,
In her long, long widowed life,
Brooding o'er the fatal strife!
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

IV.

On our Nation's day of birth,
Bless Thy own long-favored earth!
Urge the soldiers with Thy will!
Aid their leaders with Thy skill!
Let them hear Thy trumpet thrill!
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

V.

Lord, we only fight for peace,
Fight that freedom may increase.
Give us back the peace of old,
When the land with plenty roll'd,
And our banner awed the bold!
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

VI.

Lest we pray in thoughtless guilt,
Shape the future as Thou will!
Purge our realm from hoary crime
With Thy battles, dread, sublime,
In Thy well-appointed time!
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

VII.

With one heart the Nation's cries
From our choral lips arise;
Thou didst point a noble way
For our Fathers through the fray;
Lead their children thus to-day!
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

VIII.

In His name, who bravely bore
Cross and crown begemmed with gore;
By His last immortal groan,
Ere He mounted to His throne,
Make our sacred cause Thy own!
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

GEO. H. BOKER.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

By the Author of "Aurora Floyd," "Lady Audley's Secret," &c.

CHAPTER XXIX.

KEEPING WATCH.

Two pair of jealous eyes kept constant watch upon Eleanor Monckton, for some time after that October afternoon on which the lawyer and Miss Mason had stood side by side, looking at the two figures by the sun-dial.

Gilbert Monckton was too proud to complain. He laid down the fair hopes of his manhood in the grave that already held the broken dreams of his youth. He bowed his head, and resigned himself to his fate.

"I was mistaken," he thought; "it was too preposterous to suppose that at forty I could win the love of a girl of eighteen. My wife is good and true, but—"

But what? Could this girl be good and true? Had she not deceived her lover most cruelly, most deliberately, in her declaration of utter indifference towards Launcelot Darrell?

Mr. Monckton remembered her very words, her sudden look of astonishment, her almost shuddering gesture of surprise, as he asked the important question—

"And you do not love Launcelot Darrell?"

"Love him! oh, no, no, no!"

And in spite of this emphatic denial, Mrs. Monckton had, ever since her arrival at Toldale Priory, betrayed an intense, an almost feverish interest in the young scapegrace artist.

"If she is capable of falsehood," thought the lawyer, "there must surely be no truth upon this earth. Shall I trust her, and wait patiently for the solution of the mystery? No; between man and wife there should be no mystery! She has no right to keep any secret from me."

So Mr. Monckton hardened his heart against his beautiful young wife, and set himself sternly and indefatigably to watch her every look, to listen to every intonation of her voice, to keep a rigorous guard over his own honor and dignity.

Poor Eleanor was too innocent to read all these right aright; the only thought that her husband was changed; that the stern and gloomy companion was not the same Gilbert Monckton whom she had known at Haslewood; not the patient "guide, philosopher, and friend," whose subdued bass voice, eloquent in the dusky evenings, long ago—a year is very long to a girl of eighteen—in Mrs. Darrell's simple drawing-room, had seemed a kind of intellectual music to her.

Had she not been absorbed always by that one thought, whose intensity had rendered the compass of her mind to a monotone, the young wife would have very bitterly felt this change in her husband. As it was, she looked upon her disappointment as something very far away from her; something to be considered and regretted by-and-by; by-and-by, when the grand business of her life was done.

But while the gulf between the young wife and her husband every day grew wider, this grand business made no progress. Day after day, week after week, passed by, and Eleanor Monckton found herself no nearer the end.

She had paid several visits to Haslewood; she had acted her part to the best of her abilities, which were very mediocre in all matters where deception is necessary; she had watched and questioned Launcelot Darrell; but she had obtained no vestige of proof which she might set before Maurice de Crespigny when she denounced his niece's son.

No; whatever secrets were hidden in the young man's breast, he was so guarded as to baffle Eleanor Monckton at every point. He was so thoroughly self-possessed as to avoid betraying himself by so much as a look or a tone.

He was, however, thrown a good deal in Eleanor's society; for Mr. Monckton, with a strange persistance, encouraged the penniless artist's attention to Laura Mason; while Launcelot Darrell, too shallow to hold long to any infatuation, influenced upon one side by his mother, and flattered upon the other by Laura's unconcealed admiration, was content, by-and-by, to lay down his allegiance at this new shrine, and to forgive Mrs. Monckton for her desertion.

"Eleanor and my mother were both right, I dare say," the young man reflected, contemplating his fate with a feeling of despondent langor. "They were wiser than me, I dare say. I ought to marry a rich woman. I could never drag out an existence of poverty. Bachelor poverty is bad enough, but, at least, there's something artistic and Bohemian about that. Chambertin one day, and vin ordinaire the next; Veuve Cliquot at the Trois Freres or the Café de Paris to-night, and small-beer in a garret to-morrow morning. But married poverty, squalid desolation, instead of reckless gayety; a sick wife and lean, hungry children, and the husband carrying wet canvasses to the pawnbroker! Bah! Eleanor was right; she has done a good thing for herself; and I'd better go in and win the heiress, and make myself secure against any caprice of my worthy great-uncle."

It was thus that Launcelot Darrell became a frequent visitor at Toldale Priory, and as, at about this time, Mr. Monckton's business became so unimportant as to be easily flung entirely into the hands of the two junior partners, the lawyer was almost always at home to receive his guest.

Nothing could have been more antagonistic than the characters of the two men. There was no possibility of sympathy or assimilation between them. The weakness of one was rendered more evident by the strength of the other. The decided character of the lawyer seemed harsh and rigid when contrasted with the easy-going, languid good-nature of the artist.

Eleanor Monckton, perceiving this wide difference between the two men, admired her husband as much as she despised Launcelot Darrell.

If the lawyer could have known this,—if he could have known that when his wife's earnest eyes followed every change of expression in the young man's face, when she listened most intently to his careless and rambling, yet sometimes almost brilliant talk, she read his shallow nature and its worthlessness better than that nature had ever yet been read by the closest observer,—if Gilbert Monckton could have understood these things, what wasted agonies, what futile tortures, might have been spared him!

"What would have become of me if I had loved this man?" Eleanor thought, as day by day, with an intellect rendered preternaturally clear by the intensity of her one desire, she grew more familiar with Launcelot Darrell's character.

In the meanwhile, Laura Mason walked along a pathway of roses, whose only thorns were those jealous twinges which the young lady experienced on account of Eleanor Monckton.

"He loved her first," the heiress thought, despondently, "I know he did, and he made her an offer upon the day the dressmaker brought home my blue silk, and it was so short-waisted I was obliged to make her take it back for alteration. And that was why she—I mean Eleanor, not the dressmaker—left Haslewood. And it's not pleasant to think that the man one idolises has idolised somebody else not three months before he proposes to one; and I don't think it was right of Eleanor to lead him on."

It was by the latter very vague phrase that Miss Mason was in the habit of describing her lover's delinquency. Eleanor had led him on; and he was thereby in a manner justified for that brief infatuation which had beguiled him from poor Laura. In what this "leading on" had consisted, the young lady did not seek to understand. She wanted to forgive her lover, and she wanted reasons for her forgiveness; as weak women do when they deliver themselves up to the bondage of a sentimental affection for a handsome face. But although Launcelot Darrell had made his peace with Mr. Monckton's ward, wooing her with a great many tender words and pretty stereotyped phrases under the gloomy shadow of the yew trees in the old fashioned priory garden, and although he had formally demanded her hand, and had been accepted by her guardian and herself, Laura was not yet quite satisfied. Some lingering sentiment of distrust still held its place in her breast, and the jealous twinges, which, as I have said, constituted the thorns upon her rose-bestrewn pathway, were very sharp and numerous.

Nor was Mr. Monckton wholly free from anxiety on his ward's account. He had consented to her engagement with Launcelot Darrell. He had done even more; he had encouraged the young man's suit, and now that it was too late to undo his work, he began to argue with himself as to the wisdom of his conduct.

He tried to palter with his conscience; but he could not disguise from himself that the leading motive which had induced him to consent to his ward's engagement was his desire to remove Launcelot Darrell out of the society of his wife. He could not be so blind to his own weakness as to be unaware of the secret pleasure he felt in being able to demonstrate to Eleanor the worthlessness of an affection which could be so easily transferred from one object to another.

Apart from this, Gilbert Monckton tried to believe that he had taken the best course within his power of choice, for the frivolous girl whom it was his duty to protect. To have opposed Laura's attachment would have been to cause her great unhappiness. The young man was clever and agreeable. He was the descendant of a race which was almost noble by right of its origin. His character would grow stronger with time, and it would be the guardian's duty to foster all that was good in the nature of his ward's husband; and to put him in a fair way of occupying an honorable position.

"I will try and develope his talent—his genius, perhaps," Gilbert Monckton thought; "he shall go to Italy, and study the old masters."

So it was settled that the marriage should take place early in the spring, and that Launcelot and his wife should start immediately afterwards upon a tour through the great art cities of the continent. It was arranged that they should remain away for at last a twelvemonth, and that they should spend the winter in Rome.

Eleanor Monckton grew deathly pale when her husband announced to her the probable date of the marriage.

"So soon!" she said, in a low, half-stifled voice. "So soon! why December has already begun—the spring will be here directly."

Gilbert Monckton watched her face with a thoughtful frown.

"What is there to wait for!" he said.

Eleanor was silent for a few moments. What could she say? Could she suffer this engagement to continue? Could she allow Launcelot Darrell to hold his place among these people who so ignorantly trusted in him? She would have spoken, perhaps, and confided at least some part of her secret to her husband, but she refrained from doing so; for might not he too laugh at her, as Richard Thornton had done. Might not he, who had grown lately cold and reserved in his manner towards her, sometimes even sarcastic and severe—might not he sternly reprobate her mad desire for vengeance, and in some manner or other frustrate the great purpose of her life?

She had trusted Richard Thornton, and had implored his help. No good had ever come of that confidence; nothing but remonstrances, reproaches, entreaties; even ridicule. Why, then, should she trust anyone else? No, she was resolved henceforward to hold her secret in her own keeping, and to look to herself alone for victory.

"Why should the marriage be delayed?" Mr. Monckton demanded, rather sharply, for the second time, "is there any reason for delay?"

"No," Eleanor faltered, "not if you think Mr. Darrell worthy of Laura's confidence; not if you think him a good man?"

"Have you any reason to think otherwise of him?"

Mrs. Monckton evaded a direct answer to this question.

"It was you who first taught me to doubt him," she said.

"Indeed?" answered her husband, "I had quite forgotten that. I wonder, Eleanor, that you should appear so much interested in this young man, since you have so bad an opinion of him."

Mr. Monckton left the room after launching this dart at the breast which he believed was guilty of hiding from him a secret regard for another.

"God help her, poor child!" thought the lawyer, "she married me for my position; and perhaps thought that it would be an easy thing to conquer some slight sentimental predilection for Launcelot Darrell. She tries to do her duty, I believe; and when this young man is safely out of the way she may learn to love me, perhaps."

Such reflections as these were generally followed by a change in the lawyer's manner, and Eleanor's falling spirits revived in the new sunshine of his affection. George Vane's daughter had already learned to love her husband. No difficult task lay before her; there was no sentiment of repulsion or dislike to be overcome. She had respected and admired Gilbert Monckton from the hour of her meeting with him at the Great Western Terminus; and she was ready to love him truly and cordially whenever she could succeed in her great purpose, and disengage her mind from its one absorbing idea.

CHAPTER XXX.

AN OLD MAN'S FANCY.

Although Eleanor Monckton's utmost watchfulness revealed to her nothing that could be twisted into a proof of Launcelot Darrell's identity with the man who had been the indirect cause of her father's death, she made some progress in another quarter, very much to the annoyance of several people, among whom must be included the young painter.

Maurice de Crespigny, who for some years past had not been known to take an interest in anything, exhibited a very great interest in Gilbert Monckton's young wife.

The old man had never forgotten the day upon which he had been suddenly carried back to the past, by the apparition of a fair-haired girl who seemed to him the living image of his lost friend. He had never forgotten this; and, when, a few days after Eleanor's arrival at Toldale, he happened to encounter her in one of his airings, he had insisted on stopping to talk to her, much to the aggravation of his two maiden wardens.

Eleanor caught eagerly at any chance of becoming familiar with her father's friend. It was to him she looked for her promised vengeance. The law could give her no redress; but Maurice de Crespigny held in his hand the disposition of that wealth for which his young kinsman hoped, and thus possessed power to punish the cheat and traitor who had robbed a helpless old man.

Even if this motive had not existed, Eleanor's love for her dead father would have been sufficient to inspire her with every tender feeling towards the owner of Woodlands. Her manner, modified by this tenderness, acted almost like a spell upon Maurice de Crespigny. He insisted upon coming, in the course of his daily airing, to that part of the grounds where the two estates were only divided by a slender wire fence, and where he might hope to meet Eleanor. By-and-by he extorted from her the promise to meet him on every fine day at a particular hour, and it was in vain that the maiden sisters endeavored by every stratagem they could devise, to detain him in-doors at this appointed time. They were fain to pay for perpetual wet weather, for storms and fogs, whirlwinds, and other caprices of nature, which might keep the invalid a prisoner to the house.

But at last even rain and tempest ceased to be of any avail to those distressed and expectant spinsters, for Maurice de Crespigny insisted upon inviting Mr. and Mrs. Monckton to Woodlands. They were to come whenever they could, every day if they could, the old man wrote, with a tremulous hand that was apt to go a little astray over the paper; but which was yet strong enough and firm enough to inscribe a decent signature at the foot of a Will.

The two sisters never saw him write without thinking of this document. Was it made, and made in their favor? Was it yet to make? or was it never to be made? and was Launcelot Darrell to succeed to that coveted fortune, as heir-at-law?

Lavinia and Sarah de Crespigny were agonized by the mere thought of this latter possibility. It was not the money alone that they thought of, the lands and tenements alone that they considered. There was the familiar house in which they had lived so long, the household treasures which their own careful hands had dusted, as things too sacred to be approached by meaner fingers.

There were the old silver salvers, the antique tea and coffee services, the great dragon-china jars on the staircase, the inlaid card-tables in the green parlor,—would the ruthless heir-at-law come into possession, and seize even upon those particular household gods which were most sacred to the maiden sisters?

They knew that they had no claim to any great mercy from Launcelot Darrell. Had they not urged his Indian voyage, and for ever offended him by so doing? It would have been better perhaps to have been friendly towards him, and to have suffered him to remain in England, and to be as much at Woodlands as he pleased, thereby affording him ample opportunity for giving offence to his great uncle.

"Who can count upon an old man's caprices," thought the maiden sisters, "perhaps because our uncle has seen very little of Launcelot, he may be all the more kindly disposed towards him."

On the other hand there was now the more imminent danger of this sudden fancy with which Eleanor Monckton had inspired the invalid; and the sisters grew paler and more lugubrious every day as they watched the progress of this eccentric friendship.

Gilbert Monckton placed no obstacle in the way of his wife's visits to Woodlands. He knew how sternly the doors of Mr. de Crespigny's house were guarded against his widowed niece and her son; and he knew that there at least Eleanor was not likely to meet Launcelot Darrell.

Mrs. Monckton was therefore free to visit her dead father's friend when she pleased; and she was not slow to avail herself of this privilege. It was of vital importance to her to be on familiar terms with Maurice de Crespigny, to be able to enter his house when and how she would. She saw enough in the old man's face, in the fearful uncertainty of his health—which one day suffused him to be bright and cheerful, and on the next laid him prostrate and helpless upon a sick bed—to convince her that his state was terribly precarious. He might linger for years. He might die suddenly. He might die leaving his fortune to fall into the hands of Launcelot Darrell.

The sisters watched, with ever-increasing alarm, the progress that Mrs. Monckton was making in their uncle's favor. The old man seemed to brighten under the influence of Eleanor's society. He had no glimmering idea of the truth; he fully believed that the likeness which the lawyer's young wife bore to George Vane was one of those accidental resemblances so common to the experience of every one. He believed this; and yet in spite of this he felt as if Eleanor's presence brought back something of his lost youth. Even his memory was revivified by the companionship of his dead friend's daughter; and he would sit for hours together, talking, as his nieces had not heard him talk in many monotonous years; telling familiar stories of that past in which George Vane had figured so prominently.

To Eleanor these old memories were never wearisome; and Maurice de Crespigny felt the delight of talking to a listener who was really interested. He was accustomed to the polite attention of his nieces, whose suppressed yawns sometimes broke in unpleasantly at the very climax of a story, and whose wooden-faced stolidity had at best something unpleasantly suggestive of being listened to and stared at by two Dutch clocks. But he was not accustomed to see a beautiful and earnest face turned towards him as he spoke; a pair of bright gray eyes lighting up with new radiance at every crisis in the narrative; and lovely lips half parted through intensity of interest.

These things the old man was not accustomed to, and he became entirely Eleanor's slave and adorer. Indeed, the elderly damsels congratulated themselves upon Miss Vincent's marriage with Gilbert Monckton; otherwise, Maurice de Crespigny being besotted and infatuated, and the young woman mercenary, there might have been a new mistress brought home to Woodlands instead of to Toldale Priory.

Happily for Eleanor, the anxious minds of the maiden sisters were set in some degree at rest by a few words which Maurice de Crespigny let drop in a conversation with Mrs. Monckton. Among the treasures possessed by the old man—the relics of a past life, whose chief value lay in association—there was one object that was peculiarly precious to Eleanor. This was a miniature portrait of George Vane, in the cap and gown which he had worn sixty years before, at Magdalen College, Oxford.

This picture was very dear to Eleanor Monckton. It was no very wonderful work of art, perhaps, but a laborious and patient performance, whose production had cost more time and money than the photographic representations of half the members of the Lower House would cost to day. It showed Eleanor a fair-haired stripling with bright hopeful blue eyes. It was the shadow of her dead father's youth.

Her eyes filled with tears as she looked at the little ivory portrait in its oval case of slippery red morocco.

"Crocodile!" thought one of the maiden sisters.

"Sycophant!" muttered the other.

But this very miniature gave rise to that speech which had so much effect in calming the terrors of the two ladies.

"Yes, my dear," Maurice de Crespigny said; "that portrait was painted sixty years ago. George Vane would have been close upon eighty if he had lived. Yes, close upon eighty, my love. You don't see your own likeness to that picture, perhaps; people seldom do see resemblances of that kind. But the lad's face is like yours, my dear, and you bring back the memory of my youth, just as the scent of some old-fashioned flower, that our advanced horticulture has banished to a cottager's garden, brings back the grass-plot upon which I played at my mother's knees. Do you know what I mean to do, Mrs. Monckton?"

Eleanor lifted her eyebrows with an arch smile, as who should say, "Your caprices are quite beyond my power of divination."

"I mean to leave that miniature to you in my Will, my dear."

The maiden sisters started simultaneously, agitated by the same emotion, and their eyes met.

The old man had made a Will, then. They had suspected as much before, but now they were certain of it. They had received a shock from the apprehension that their uncle would die without a Will, and that Launcelot Darrell would inherit the estate.

"Yes, my dear," Maurice de Crespigny repeated, "I shall leave that miniature to you when I die. It's not worth much intrinsically; but I don't suppose you will be minded of me, when I'm dead and gone, except through your own feelings. You're both interested in me, I know. I'm not slow to understand, though I'm brighter and better just now than usual; and may please you sometimes to look at my picture. You've brought a ray of sunshine across a very dreary portion of my life, my dear," he added, turning to Eleanor, "and I feel that this remark was by no means complimentary to his devoted nieces and good friends, "and I am very grateful to you. If you were poor I should leave you money. But you are the wife of a rich man; quite beyond that, my fortune is already disposed of. I am not free to leave it as I might wish; I have a duty to perform, my dear, a duty which I consider sacred and imperative; and I shall fulfill that duty."

The old man had never before spoken so freely of his intentions with regard to his money. The sisters sat staring blankly at each other, with quickened breaths and pale faces.

What could this speech mean? Why, clearly that the money must be left to them. What other duty could Maurice de Crespigny owe to any one? Had they not kept guard over him for years, shutting him in, and separating him from every living creature? What right had he to be grateful to any one but them, inasmuch as they had taken good care that no one else should ever do him a service?

But to the ears of Eleanor Monckton, the old man's speech had another significance; the blood mounted to her face, and her heart beat violently. "He is thinking of Launcelot Darrell," she thought; "he will leave his fortune to Launcelot Darrell. He will die before he learns the secret of my father's wrongs. His Will is already made, no doubt, and he will die before I can dare to say to him, 'Your niece's son is a trickster and a villain!'"

This was the only occasion upon which Maurice de Crespigny ever spoke of his intentions with regard to the fortune that he must leave behind him. He said, plainly enough, that Eleanor was to have none of his money; and the sisters, who had until now kept a jealous watch upon the old man and his favorite, were henceforward content to let Mrs. Monckton come and go as she pleased. But for all this Eleanor was no nearer the accomplishment of her great purpose.

Launcelot Darrell came to Toldale, and in a certain easy and somewhat indifferent manner, paid his homage to his affianced wife. Laura was happy by fits and starts; and by fits and starts utterly miserable, when the horrible pangs of jealousy—jealousy of Eleanor, and jealous doubts of her lover's truth—tortured her breast. Gilbert Monckton sat day after day in the library or the drawing-room, or Eleanor's morning-room, as the case might be, keeping watch over his wife and the lovers.

But though the days and weeks went by with an unnatural rapidity, as it seemed to Mrs. Monckton, with a wearisome slowness in the opinion of her husband—the progress of time brought George Vane's daughter no further onward, by so much as one step, upon the pathway which she had chosen for herself.

Christmas came; and the girl whose youth had been spent in the shabby lodgings in which her father had hidden the poverty of his decline, the patient young housekeeper who had been used to eke out ounces of tea, and to entreat for brief respite and grace from aggrieved chandlers, was called upon to play my Lady Bountiful at Toldale Priory, and to dole out beef and bread, blankets and brandy, coals and flannels, to a host of hungry and shivering claimants.

Christmas passed, and the new year struggled into life under every disadvantage of bad weather; while the spring, the dreaded early spring, which was to witness Laura's marriage, approached with a stealthy footfall, creeping day by day nearer and nearer.

Eleanor, in very despair, appealed to Richard Thornton.

She appealed to him from the force of habit, perhaps: as a fretful child complains to its mother, rather than from any hope that he could aid her in her great scheme.

"Oh, Richard," she wrote despairingly, "help me, help me, help me! I thought all would be so easy if I could once come to this place. But I am here, and I see Launcelot Darrell every day, and yet I am no nearer the end. What am I to do? January is nearly over, and in March, Laura Mason is to marry that man. Mr. de Crespigny is very ill, and may die at any moment, leaving his money to his niece's son. Is this man, who caused my father's death, to have all the brightest and best things this world can give? Is he to have a noble fortune and an amiable wife? and am I to stand by and permit him to be happy; remembering what happened upon that dreadful night in Paris—remembering that my father lies in his unconsecrated grave, and that his blood is upon this man's head? Help me, Richard. Come to me; help me to find proof positive

of [illegible] past. You can help me if you please. Your hands in church, your voice in singing, your influence in social circles, your vote at the polls, your counsel in every public matter, your example in your own household, by your independence. You were right when you said I should never stand in this work. I look to you to avenge my father's death." (to be continued.)

Captain Speke on the Source of the Nile.

[From the London Times, June 24.]

The members of the Royal institution held a special meeting last night, to hear a lecture delivered by Captain Speke on the discovery of the sources of the Nile. The meeting was honored by the presence of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who was attended by General Knollys, Sir Frederick Macnaghten, and a numerous suite. The Prince was also accompanied by the Countess de Paris and several other members of the late Royal family of France.

Before commencing his lecture, Captain Speke introduced to the audience the two black boys, who were so fortunate as to attract the notice of the Prince the moment they entered the night before. It was mainly through the unwavering energy of the fathers of these boys that Captain Speke was enabled to traverse the country between Zanzibar and Gondokoro. He mentioned that the little fellows were brought to this country to receive an English education by Captain Rigot, the British Consul at Zanzibar, through whose instrumentality so much had been done to abolish the slave trade in those regions. He also feelingly alluded to the debt Sir Roderick Murchison and the Fellows of the Geographical Society for the assistance they had afforded him in proving the correctness of the conclusion at which he had arrived in 1858, that Lake Victoria Nyanza was the source of some great river, and that that river was the Nile.

Time would not permit him to describe the whole of the incidents of his journey from Zanzibar to Egypt, which occupied two years and a half, and extended over a distance of more than three thousand miles. He chose rather to give some account of the Wahuma and some of the other tribes inhabiting the shores of Lake Nyanza. Judging from the physical characteristics of those tribes, he considered them to be descended from the ancient Abyssinians. This idea was in a great measure confirmed by the traditions of the people, who, when questioned about their origin, always replied that they came from the North. The Abyssinians sprang from the union between the children of Shem and Ham, the negro blood being modified and toned down by the Shemitic admixture. Captain Speke then went on to describe how the aboriginal inhabitants of Abyssinia, who were essentially an agricultural people, had been conquered and enslaved by nomad races, who lived on the produce of their flocks and herds. These ancient Abyssinians came down by degrees from the North, carrying all before them, and founding the great kingdom of Kittara, which was now split up into several minor kingdoms through continual internal wars. A singular tradition of the double origin of these people was repeated to him by one of the chiefs, who gravely told him that at one time the inhabitants of Kittara were half white and half black, each of their heads having curly hair, the other straight. The largest portion of Kittara consists of the kingdom Unyoro. Captain Speke gave a long and interesting account of the history of this people, tracing their kings down to the present monarch. On the most fertile part of the shores of Lake Nyanza is the kingdom of Uganda, which is the most interesting of all the nations of equatorial Africa, being better cultivated and better governed than any other. The customs of Uganda are many of them most irregular. The princes having large harems of women, their progeny is, of course, most numerous. *When a king dies all his sons are burned except his successor and two others*, who are kept in case of Accession to the throne, one after which one is pensioned off, and the other banished to Unyoro. *Untidiness in dress is a capital crime*, except the offender possesses sufficient riches to pay an enormous fine. *Improvidence, or even neglecting to thank a person for a benefit conferred* is punishable. The court customs are also curious. No one is allowed to stand before the king, and to touch him or look at one of his women is death. They believe implicitly in magic and the evil eye, and the kings are always attended by a certain number of women provided with dead lizards, and bearing bowls of plantain wine in their heads. The King of Karagwe is the most civilized of all these native chiefs; before entering Uganda Captain Speke spent many days with him. In manners, civility, and enlightenment, he might be compared with many Europeans. He owes much of this to the influence of an Indian merchant named Mousa Mzouri, who helped him by his advice to conquer his brother, with whom he was at war. Captain Speke remained interviewed with many of his questions as to what became of the old suns and why the moon made faces at the earth. He also wanted to know whether England, of which he had heard from the Indian traders, could blow up the whole of Africa with gunpowder. The moment the king heard that he was desirous of going north, he sent messengers to the King of Uganda to prepare the way for him. The king was most anxious to furnish every possible information and assistance. While at the palace, the king *took him yachting* on Murchison creek for several days, and he frequently went shooting with the princes of the court, who, when he had shot anything, would rush up and kiss him heartily on the head, a custom little known in that part of Africa. Before leaving, they heard from King Kamrasi that a body of white men had been seen to the north, who had killed numbers of the natives with wonderful guns. This made Captain Speke more anxious to push on, as he supposed the party of white men to be that of Mr. Petherick, who had appointed to meet him. He then started for Karagwe with a numerous retinue. Before leaving King Rumanika's palace at Karagwe, he had noticed, on several occasions, three or four lofty mountain peaks, more than 16,000 feet high. The King of Uganda sent an escort body of men to meet him, who conducted through the kingdom of Unyoro. Everywhere they went the people left their huts, bearing their provisions before them. The fertility of this part is very great, and the scenery on the shores of the lake most beautiful. On arriving at the King of Uganda's capital, Captain Speke found it necessary to wrap up all his presents in order to prevent rousing them to the king, as nothing less or rather *could be looked at by his majesty*. He found the people to consist of the Waganda proper, spread over the face of a hill. Thousands of courtiers and attendants were to be seen engaged in every conceivable occupation, from playing the musical instruments to performing the most menial services. Sending word to the king that he wished for an interview, that monarch sent back a sharp message that he was to sit on the ground and wait until he was at liberty. Captain Speke, however, sent back word that he was a prince, and not accustomed either to sit on the ground or to wait. A courtier followed him, prophesying all kinds of evil from his presumption. Captain Speke, however, terrified the whole court, king and all, into submission, by merely opening his umbrella, which they took to be a deadly weapon, killing by magic. A chair was consequently allowed to Captain Speke, who was received by the king, surrounded by his court and having by his side the women crowned with dead lizards, to ward off the effects of the evil eye. The king stared at him for about an hour, at the end of which time his majesty said, "Have you seen me?" and retired to another tent, where the same process of staring was followed by a similar inquiry. He went into a third tent, and Captain Speke followed. This time, however, the monarch deigned to examine Captain Speke's Whitworth rifle. Captain Speke told him that it was the custom of the inhabitants of the country of which he was a prince, to make presents of everything that shimmered, probably, as soon as we pass the outposts. Press them hard! drive them out of their nests! Make them fight or run! Strike hard and fast! Give them no rest! Fight them! *Fight them!* Pierr, I say!' and his glittering blue eyes flashed.

"Gen. Thomas was the first to say good-night. It was full midnight before all the commanders had dispersed. As they rose to depart, the Chief took each by the hand, and to all gave his parting admonition:—'Fight them! Spread out your skirmishers far and wide! Keep pushing ahead! Expose their nests! Fight! Keep fighting! They will not stand it. Good night!'"

That was the way the great battle of Stone River was won.

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Then General charged through the deathly storm as if it had been no more than hail. It was wonderful that he escaped. No complaint escaped him; that was no moment for reproach. But it was obvious that he was profoundly moved. His florid face had paled and lost its ruddy lustre, but his eyes blazed with sullen fire. His lips were firmly compressed, and his stern manner disclosed that his heart was undaunted.

"Now Let the Whole Line Charge."

The new change in the order of battle was executed by the General Commanding at incessant personal hazard. There was not a private soldier in the army so much exposed. There was hardly a point in the front of battle which he had not inspected—Wood's line perhaps excepted. Some five or six batteries, posted upon the bluff under his personal direction, now thundered in direful accord. Solid shot, shell, grape, canister were crashing through the brittle timber in destructive tumult. A thick canopy of smoke hovered over the field. Clouds of smoke enveloped the gunners. They seemed like demons revelling in infernal orgies. With his staff gathered about him, the Chief halted briefly upon the cemetery knoll, watching the play of the batteries and the hot fury of Sam Beatty's infantry. Now, without a word he plunged headlong into the tempest, his staff and orderlies following with wild enthusiasm. The enemy had tipped over the crest of the last ridge in front, and were bearing down fiercely. Spurring up to the very heels of Beatty's men, until his horse almost trampled them, he shouted cheerily, "Now let the whole line charge about low! Be sure! Then charge home!"

The troops spring to their feet, and push up the slope; the forests are riven with the tempest; bayonets gleam; lurid flames spout from the long line of musketry. You savage line of gray and steel, which but a moment since plunged so madly over the hill, halts! It wavers! Another tempest from the blue line in front—they reel, they stagger—"There they go!" shouted the gallant leader; "there they go!" Now drive them home!" Away they fly over the hill, shattered, disordered, broken, struggling to escape. Shot and shell pursue the frightened fugitives, shrieking through the forests, crashing the flimsy branches, scattering death and destruction.

Incidents.

Williams, Colonel of the Twenty-fifth Illinois, heart-sick at impending disaster, seized the standard of the regiment from the nerveless grasp of its dying guardian, and shouting "We will plant it here, boys, and rally the old Twenty-fifth around it, and here we will die," fell under the flag.

The cartridge-boxes of Robert's brigade were nearly empty, and Sill's staunch fellows were clamoring loudly for ammunition. Slaughtering had exhausted all of his, and there was no more accessible. The enemy had cut off the train! At Sherridan's command, Sheaffer's men grimly fixed bayonets, and waited their fate, holding the centre of the check with empty guns, while their comrades fell back. Sherridan's corps lost 1,796 men in the battle; but these heroes repeat with glow of honest pride, "We came out of the battle with compact ranks and empty cartridge boxes!" That immortal boast should be inscribed on all their banners.

Colonel Fyffe, in his official report commending the gallantry of the soldiers, said—"One of the skirmishers, William Brown, of Company B, Fifty-ninth Ohio infantry, a mere man on the crest of the ridge, marshaled back through the line at the head of twenty-eight prisoners, besides two lieutenants, he had captured."

"In advancing to this position," said Col. Hazen, "under a galling fire a cannon shot passed through the ranks of the Ninth Indiana, carrying away with it, and the ranks were closed without checking a man." Arabs—"The Forty-first Ohio now rushed with the shouted rushes in as perfect order as on parade, cheering for the cause and crying for ammunition."

When Gen. Rosecrans was killed Rosecrans did not seem to observe it. Of the General's staff, Garesche had been blown away from his elbow; Kirby had been shot; Benton's horse was smarting with a wound; Hubbard's snorted with the sting of a ball in his neck; Taylor's was killed; Forsyth's, Sedgwick's and Thomas' were struck; poor Blenmond was mortally hurt; four or five of his escort and orderlies were stretched upon the field. No wonder Bond said to him, "General, do you think it right to expose yourself so much?" And the suspicion that he was flying upon the field before him waiting to be called into action. Shot and shell were whizzing furiously over them. The chief dashed up to the line and addressed them: "Men, do you wish to know how to be safest? Shoot low. Aim at a blizzard at their shins! Shall do you wish to know how to be safest of all? Give them a blizzard, and then charge with cold steel! Forward now, and show what you are made of!" Bond had announced Garesche's death. It seemed to occur to the General as a half-remembered dream. "I am very sorry," he said; "we cannot help it." A report that McCook was killed was communicated to him. He said: "We cannot help it; this battle must be won."

The troops were handled with matchless skill. Lines upon lines were piled upon each other so compactly that even the awful momentum and the ferocity of the rebel onslaught did not shake them. Columns were hurled in solid ranks from one side of the field to the other with the ease as if they were toys; or were flung into the face of the enemy as if it were a game playing. It is no grasp at rhetoric to describe the swift and steady evolutions of our brigades as perfect as the movements of a grand review. Thousands acquired an idea of the art of "handling masses," of which they never had dreamed before.

On the evening of the last of December Rosecrans rode over the ground carefully, placed the troops for the next day, then riding back to head-quarters, he said: "Gentlemen, we fight right here." His conduct in the battle had won the confidence of the soldiers. "We saw you," they said, quaintly, "we'll fight with you."

The Moment of Victory.

In his last desperate charge the enemy advanced in treble columns of attack.

The machine called a column of attack in mass is a thousand men in front, six men deep, with two other machines just like it, pushing behind to sustain its momentum. It emits a blaze and a fume with a crashing and thr-r-r-rupping sound as if Titans were tearing strong canvas. Then a counter-crash, quickly—perhaps two or three, from as many lines. Volley for volley—then symmetry of sound is lost. File firing ensues—that is, every man loads and fires for himself with all his might, mostly shooting high, so that the lead flies overhead and twigs flutter—many shooting so low that the dirt is chipped up at the feet of the men. If the heaviest battalion is disciplined and well handled, it shoots most bullets—and weight of lead decides, unless cold steel is thrust into the scale. Then lead loses momentum.

Gen. Rosecrans had massed fifty-eight guns in the centre of his line.

These hurled solid shot, shell, grape, spherical case and canister, and the forests seemed bursting with agony. All hell had broken loose. *Then the rebel columns in solid column ten men, three lines deep, without intervals, six men thick, were torn to fragments.*

Rosecrans' hurled his batteries and his battalions together at the monstrous machines of Breckinridge, and destroyed them in forty minutes. Two thousand men or more, who had marched upon that field in haughty defiance, at three o'clock and fifty minutes, were dead or mangled at four o'clock and thirty minutes. Breckinridge was a fugitive; Gen. Hanson mortally hurt; Gen. Adams crippled; Col. Pres. Cunningham killed; Col. McGregor fatally struck; and scores more of the master class, who fell in parricidal conflict. It was an appalling calamity to rebel arms. Our loss was about one hundred kill, four hundred wounded—five hundred in all.

VICKSBURG.—We have taken about 27,000 prisoners, besides about 4,000 non-combatants, 102 field pieces, 30 siege guns, 50,000 stand of arms, ammunition, locomotives, cars, a few stores and 57 stand of colors.

Among the prisoners are Lieut. General Pemberton; Major-Generals S., Stevenson, Smith, Emory, and Bowen; 14 Brigadier Generals, and 130 Colonels. There are 5,000 men in the hospitals, half of whom are wounded. Only 180(?) of the garrison are reported fit for duty.

The stock of provisions was almost exhausted, and for four days numbers had been eating mule flesh.

All the families living this side of the Big Black river, and some beyond it, are drawing rations from our army, and we have been presenting the singular spectacle of feeding the children and wives of the very rebels we were hourly killing with shot and shell in Vicksburg—*Vicksburg Correspondence.*

THE PENNSYLVANIA TROOPS IN THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.—Pennsylvania had a large share in the late battle at Gettysburg, and the blood of her sons was freely shed in her defence. The three senior Generals were Pennsylvanians, and the melancholy list of casualties shows that at least thirty Pennsylvania regiments were in the fight. The 9th and 11th Reserves, the Pennsylvania Battery, the 23d, 27th, 62d, 68th, 69th, 72d, 73d, 82d, 83d, 90th, 91st, 93d, 98th, 99th, 105th, 106th, 114th, 116th, 118th, 119th, 139th, 141st, 143d, 145d, 148th, 149th, 153th. Other regiments from the state no doubt participated in the battle, which was won by steady valor and discipline on the part of the men, and skill and generalship in the dispositions and manœuvring of the troops by the General-in-chief.

☞ The shad has a peculiar instinct. As soon as the snow-water has ceased running, they press up the river as far as they can reach, in order to deposit their spawn. The trout do the same thing; but the shad do not take a bait, and its stomach never shows what it feeds on.

CAMP-MEETING WITH ROSECRANS.

The following extracts are taken from the book entitled "Camp-meeting with Rosecrans." The Battle of Stone River occupies a great portion of the book, being given in great detail, and the general effect of the whole is formed through it all by the master mind—the silent, determined controller of events.

When he was told that "public opinion" urged an advance of his army, and that even in Washington people called him "slow," "Why does not Rosecrans move?" he replied, not by whining entreaties and by mean insinuations against his superiors, and warnings that he would not be held responsible; but he said vehemently:

"I will not move until I am ready! I will not move for popular effect! War is a business to be conducted systematically. I believe I understand my business. If my views are not approved, let me be removed. I will not budge until I am ready."

The Night Before the Advance.

Rosecrans does not like counsels of war; but on Christmas night the commanders of corps were assembled at head-quarters. After some talk—

"Monsieur Vault had instinctively timed the toddy. When the glasses got to the corner, there was an eager sentience or two, an acquiescing nod on either side, and history was consequently allowed to Captain Speke, who was received by the king, surrounded by his court and having by his side the women crowned with dead lizards, to ward off the effects of the evil eye. The king stared at him for about an hour, at the end of which time his majesty said, 'Have you seen me?' and retired to another tent, where the same process of staring was followed by a similar inquiry. He went into a third tent, and Captain Speke followed. This time, however, the monarch deigned to examine Captain Speke's Whitworth rifle. Captain Speke told him that it was the custom of the inhabitants of the country of which he was a prince, to make presents of everything that shimmered, probably, as soon as we pass the outposts. Press them hard! drive them out of their nests! Make them fight or run! Strike hard and fast! Give them no rest! Fight them! *Fight them!* Pierr, I say!' and his glittering blue eyes flashed.

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Incidents.

Williams, Colonel of the Twenty-fifth Illinois, heart-sick at impending disaster, seized the standard of the regiment from the nerveless grasp of its dying guardian, and shouting "We will plant it here, boys, and rally the old Twenty-fifth around it, and here we will die," fell under the flag.

The cartridge-boxes of Robert's brigade were nearly empty, and Sill's staunch fellows were clamoring loudly for ammunition. Slaughtering had exhausted all of his, and there was no more accessible. The enemy had cut off the train! At Sherridan's command, Sheaffer's men grimly fixed bayonets, and waited their fate, holding the centre of the check with empty guns, while their comrades fell back. Sherridan's corps lost 1,796 men in the battle; but these heroes repeat with glow of honest pride, "We came out of the battle with compact ranks and empty cartridge boxes!" That immortal boast should be inscribed on all their banners.

Colonel Fyffe, in his official report commending the gallantry of the soldiers, said—"One of the skirmishers, William Brown, of Company B, Fifty-ninth Ohio infantry, a mere man on the crest of the ridge, marshaled back through the line at the head of twenty-eight prisoners, besides two lieutenants, he had captured."

"In advancing to this position," said Col. Hazen, "under a galling fire a cannon shot passed through the ranks of the Ninth Indiana, carrying away with it, and the ranks were closed without checking a man." Arabs—"The Forty-first Ohio now rushed with the shouted rushes in as perfect order as on parade, cheering for the cause and crying for ammunition."

When Gen. Garesche was killed Rosecrans did not seem to observe it. Of the General's staff, Garesche had been blown away from his elbow; Kirby had been shot; Benton's horse was smarting with a wound; Hubbard's snorted with the sting of a ball in his neck; Taylor's was killed; Forsyth's, Sedgwick's and Thomas' were struck; poor Blenmond was mortally hurt; four or five of his escort and orderlies were stretched upon the field. No wonder Bond said to him, "General, do you think it right to expose yourself so much?" And the suspicion that he was flying upon the field before him waiting to be called into action. Shot and shell were whizzing furiously over them. The chief dashed up to the line and addressed them: "Men, do you wish to know how to be safest? Shoot low. Aim at a blizzard at their shins! Shall do you wish to know how to be safest of all? Give them a blizzard, and then charge with cold steel! Forward now, and show what you are made of!" Bond had announced Garesche's death. It seemed to occur to the General as a half-remembered dream. "I am very sorry," he said; "we cannot help it." A report that McCook was killed was communicated to him. He said: "We cannot help it; this battle must be won."

The troops were handled with matchless skill. Lines upon lines were piled upon each other so compactly that even the awful momentum and the ferocity of the rebel onslaught did not shake them. Columns were hurled in solid ranks from one side of the field to the other with the ease as if they were toys; or were flung into the face of the enemy as if it were a game playing. It is no grasp at rhetoric to describe the swift and steady evolutions of our brigades as perfect as the movements of a grand review. Thousands acquired an idea of the art of "handling masses," of which they never had dreamed before.

On the evening of the last of December Rosecrans rode over the ground carefully, placed the troops for the next day, then riding back to head-quarters, he said: "Gentlemen, we fight right here." His conduct in the battle had won the confidence of the soldiers. "We saw you," they said, quaintly, "we'll fight with you."

The Moment of Victory.

In his last desperate charge the enemy advanced in treble columns of attack.

The machine called a column of attack in mass is a thousand men in front, six men deep, with two other machines just like it, pushing behind to sustain its momentum. It emits a blaze and a fume with a crashing and thr-r-r-rupping sound as if Titans were tearing strong canvas. Then a counter-crash, quickly—perhaps two or three, from as many lines. Volley for volley—then symmetry of sound is lost. File firing ensues—that is, every man loads and fires for himself with all his might, mostly shooting high, so that the lead flies overhead and twigs flutter—many shooting so low that the dirt is chipped up at the feet of the men. If the heaviest battalion is disciplined and well handled, it shoots most bullets—and weight of lead decides, unless cold steel is thrust into the scale. Then lead loses momentum.

Gen. Rosecrans had massed fifty-eight guns in the centre of his line.

These hurled solid shot, shell, grape, spherical case and canister, and the forests seemed bursting with agony. All hell had broken loose. *Then the rebel columns in solid column ten men, three lines deep, without intervals, six men thick, were torn to fragments.*

Rosecrans' hurled his batteries and his battalions together at the monstrous machines of Breckinridge, and destroyed them in forty minutes. Two thousand men or more, who had marched upon that field in haughty defiance, at three o'clock and fifty minutes, were dead or mangled at four o'clock and thirty minutes. Breckinridge was a fugitive; Gen. Hanson mortally hurt; Gen. Adams crippled; Col. Pres. Cunningham killed; Col. McGregor fatally struck; and scores more of the master class, who fell in parricidal conflict. It was an appalling calamity to rebel arms. Our loss was about one hundred kill, four hundred wounded—five hundred in all.

VICKSBURG.—We have taken about 27,000 prisoners, besides about 4,000 non-combatants, 102 field pieces, 30 siege guns, 50,000 stand of arms, ammunition, locomotives, cars, a few stores and 57 stand of colors.

Among the prisoners are Lieut. General Pemberton; Major-Generals S., Stevenson, Smith, Emory, and Bowen; 14 Brigadier Generals, and 130 Colonels. There are 5,000 men in the hospitals, half of whom are wounded. Only 180(?) of the garrison are reported fit for duty.

The stock of provisions was almost exhausted, and for four days numbers had been eating mule flesh.

All the families living this side of the Big Black river, and some beyond it, are drawing rations from our army, and we have been presenting the singular spectacle of feeding the children and wives of the very rebels we were hourly killing with shot and shell in Vicksburg—*Vicksburg Correspondence.*

THE PENNSYLVANIA TROOPS IN THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.—Pennsylvania had a large share in the late battle at Gettysburg, and the blood of her sons was freely shed in her defence. The three senior Generals were Pennsylvanians, and the melancholy list of casualties shows that at least thirty Pennsylvania regiments were in the fight. The 9th and 11th Reserves, the Pennsylvania Battery, the 23d, 27th, 62d, 68th, 69th, 72d, 73th, 82d, 83d, 90th, 91st, 93d, 98th, 99th, 105th, 106th, 114th, 116th, 118th, 119th, 139th, 141st, 143d, 145d, 148th, 149th, 153th. Other regiments from the state no doubt participated in the battle, which was won by steady valor and discipline on the part of the men, and skill and generalship in the dispositions and manœuvring of the troops by the General-in-chief.

☞ The shad has a peculiar instinct. As soon as the snow-water has ceased running, they press up the river as far as they can reach, in order to deposit their spawn. The trout do the same thing; but the shad do not take a bait, and its stomach never shows what it feeds on.

A BIT OF PATROS IN REAL LIFE.

There are queer blunders in the world. While loosening a few nights ago, in a reading room, the two contrabands, a man and two female, comparatively movable, upward under the shelter of a wide spread umbrella. The parties were a mother and daughter. The latter is about twenty-one years of age; the former cannot be much short of sixty. A few days ago, Barnes, the property of a man named Burdett. The original is still in the Eastern Penitentiary. He was sentenced three years ago for the murder, in a house of ill repute in Locust street, above Ninth, of a constable in the office of Alderman McMullin. The victim was named Johnson. Johnson was engaged to be married at the time of the murder to a young girl who then lived in a court near Fifth and Christian streets, and who lives there still. The young man was not worthy of such a girl, and entertained for him by the girl in question.

A quarrel arose in the house and a stab with a knife in the hands of Burkie took effect upon his breast, and he was killed. The woman whom we met in the pouring shower, as above narrated, were the girl to whom the murdered man was affianced, and her mother. The death of her lover caused the girl to become demented. She remains in that condition to this day. Her form of madness is melancholia. She believes, however, that at some time not definitely fixed, between the hours of one and two o'clock in the morning, by visiting the scene of the murder, her betrothed will appear to her. Of her mind this one idea has taken sole possession.

Every night, for three years past, in company with her afflicted mother, the girl has visited the locality of the tragedy; neither rain, snow, cold or heat, has ever yet interrupted this nightly visit. They take one regular route—up Fifth to South, up South to Ninth, and thence to Locust street, in an alley running from which street the murder was committed. During the whole walk the girl talks incessantly to her mother, in a low tone of voice, and the mother, with bursting heart, listens patiently but hopelessly. She knows the fruitlessness of the nightly walk, but takes it that her unfortunate child may to that extent be comforted.

They walk to the alley where the sad event occurred, heeding no one, and steadily moving to the house where the murderous deed was done. They wait there for some minutes, sometimes for as much as an hour. Then the girl says, "Never mind, mother dear; he won't come to-night! He will be here to-morrow." And the poor creature returns hopefully, sometimes even cheerfully, and nearly a thousand to-morrows have since transpired, yet each night the girl, with her devoted mother, comes to the spot, only to retire in hope that the disappointment of the night may be consummated by better results in the next.

So well is the history known down town, that even the vilest ruffian in Moyamonsing passes the women by without an insult. The girl is comely, with a fresh complexion and fair shape, but no man says aught to her, as with her sorrow stricken mother she makes her nightly journey. The mother's steps are growing feeble. They are poor, and not many days hence the girl must do her journey alone. God help her!—*Philada. North American.*

☞ "Why, Bambo, how black you are!" said a gentleman, the other day to a negro waiter at a hotel; "how in the world did you get so black?" "Why look a here, massa, the reason am dis—de day dis chile was born there was an eclipse."

☞ "Harry," said a young lady on the seat before us at the theatre, one evening, "how I should love to be an actress!" "An actress, Henrietta; why!" "Oh, it must be so nice to be made love to every evening."

☞ A widow once said to her daughter: "When you are of my age, it will be time enough to dream of a husband." "Yes, mamma," replied the thoughtless girl, "for the second time." The mother fainted.

☞ The Charleston Courier recommends the people to "develope their resources" by catching sharks, porpoises and alligators for the sake of the oil, which is worth $8 to $10 a gallon. Shark steaks, it says, would find a ready sale. Shark flesh must be very appropriate food for the blood-thirsty Charlestonians.

☞ WORK FOR THE DAY BEFORE DEATH.—Rabbi Eliezer said, "Turn to God one day before your death." His disciples said, "How can a man know the day of his death?" He answered them, "Therefore you should turn to GOD TO-DAY. Perhaps you may die to-morrow; thus every day will be employed in returning."

☞ Gen. Meade is the grandson of Geo. Meade, of Philadelphia, an eminent Irish-American merchant, whose firm (Meade & Fitzsimmons) contributed, in 1781, $10,000 to a fund for the relief of the famishing army of Gen. Washington.

☞ The wool crop of Michigan for 1863 is set down by Mr. James Bull, of Detroit, at 6,500,000 pounds, and he estimates the crop for 1863 at 7,840,000. The present average price is about fifty cents per pound, making the crop worth from three to four millions. We give the figures with deference, however, for we do not really see how a *Bull* can be reliable authority in matters relating to sheep.

☞ The last new thing in the way of dress ornamentation is leather. The Princess Metternich made her appearance lately in a dress of Havana-colored silk, ornamented with leather trimmings, studded with steel-headed nails.

☞ There may be as honest a difference between two men as between two thermometers. The difference in both cases may arise from difference in position.

☞ Old Farmer Cloverseed is a very polite man, so much so that he is even courteous to his cattle. He is frequently heard to say as he drives his yoke of steers, "Please haw, Buck; also Bright. Thank you."

NEWS ITEMS.

THE rebel cavalry at Gettysburg was in uncommonly high feather. In order to cover the protection of the infantry lines on either flank, it was charged into by the national cavalry, and sent pell-mell back to its infantry; and if too far within its own lines, the horses were demoralized by the explosion of shells. The command was of no service to the enemy, but the men received a reproach in the eyes of their comrades.

THE town is one matter in the account of the great battle at Gettysburg, on Friday, which is deserving of marked attention. This account says that when the enemy massed his whole force for an overwhelming attack on the right of General Meade's position, and had success almost within his grasp, a column of new troops appeared on our side and determined the fate of the day. These troops were the Pennsylvania militia.

THE sick and wounded soldiers passing through Wilmington, Delaware, on Sunday, were supplied with chickens and eggs, and even wash-boxes, filled with soup, milk, ice water, bread, cakes, pies, crackers, wine and various other like provisions. It is said that there was food enough for five thousand persons.

The New York Times states that after the late battle of Chancellorsville, General Meade's appointment was urged by every corps commander, with, perhaps, one exception. The officer next in rank to General Hooker (Gen. Couch,) was himself favorable that General Meade should be his chief.

SOLOMON STURGIS, the wealthiest man in Chicago, passed through this city yesterday on his way to the Hartford Asylum—a raving maniac, in charge of three keepers. During the first year of the war he made a million of dollars.—*Springfield Republican.*

AN AGREEABLE INCOME.—A. T. Stewart, the great dry goods merchant of New York, finding it difficult to determine the amount of his income, proposed to the assessor to pay a tax on two hundred thousand dollars as an approximate estimate.

A RESCUE.—A letter from New Orleans to the Madison Journal says that General Paine, formerly Colonel of the 4th Wisconsin, was severely wounded and will probably lose his leg. He is in the hospital at New Orleans. He fell bravely leading his brigade against the rebel entrenchments, and when the assault was repulsed he was left on the field. He crawled into a small gully to escape the rebel sharpshooters. After lying there a while three negro soldiers volunteered to bring him in. When within a short distance they were shot dead. General Paine was finally rescued, but not *until fourteen negroes sacrificed their lives in the heroic attempt.*

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	12.00
20 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	30.00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE?

To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2.00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at say of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting money for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

TO AUXILIARY SOCIETIES.

When the Women's Pennsylvania Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission was organized, only a few months since, how little did any of us realize that the battle field was to be changed from Virginia to Pennsylvania! How little did we dream that war, with all its horrors, could visit us any nearer than it had already done!—that our towns were to be plundered or shelled!—our farm-houses burned!—our forests levelled, and our beautiful valleys laid waste! We worked steadily and faithfully in our appointed task of awakening interest in the Sanitary Commission throughout the state, that in this great, efficient channel, might be concentrated a large part of the supplies which we thought were to be sent to distant hospitals and far-away battle-fields. The tide which set towards the Potomac has turned, and flowing back to the Susquehanna come the stores which you so generously sent us in answer to the appeals which we made to you. *Our* husbands, *our* brothers, and *our* sons, are now to be ministered to, with the very delicacies and comforts which you were unconsciously providing for them.

Your letters bespeak your affection for and confidence in this Commission; and it is not misplaced. Not one day too soon for this emergency was this Branch organized; for through it, you have learned to trust the wise and impartial distribution of the Sanitary Commission, only just in time to feel assured that its great arm will extend around your most cherished ones.

From PITTSTON, we have a letter speaking so tenderly of "*our dear Commission*," that if we had it by us, we should be tempted to make an extract. Others speak of dear ones, who have gone, or are going, fully alive to "the duties and responsibilities of the hour;" and trusting to the Commission to relieve the suffering which they know must come in "this terrible exigency." These watchers at home, have our sympathy and our prayers. We know their anxieties by like experience. But we will not idly lament and mourn the trouble that has visited us. We will prove by our redoubled exertions that *the women of Pennsylvania* are as ready to do "their part in this great struggle," as are their husbands, sons and brothers. Let us emulate the example recorded in a letter from one of our Associate Managers—"a noble mother, after burying her darling son, lost in defence of our liberties from wounds received in battle, returned in an agony of grief to her home to work energetically for our suffering soldiers, in remembrance of the kindness bestowed upon her son."

A PLEASANT EXAMPLE OF WHAT THE SANITARY COMMISSION IS DAILY DOING.

A few days ago a young man entered the rooms of the "Women's Branch," in Philadelphia to seek for aid. His skin was bronzed, his uniform was worn and faded, his appearance that of one who had seen hard service. One foot was encased in a carpet sock, and he limped painfully, telling the tale so often repeated to us now. "Maine," and the number of his regiment were embroidered upon his cap. He was welcomed, as our brave men always are, and told his simple tale. Wounded in the foot by the explosion of a shell, and consigned to a hospital in Washington, he was granted a furlough, and had set off on his way home, which he was anxiously endeavoring to reach in time to see his mother whose death was daily looked for. On arriving at the station in Philadelphia he discovered that he had lost his papers, his furlough and his transportation ticket. He was in a strange city, penniless, and without a friend. On searching the cars for his papers he found—not his own, but those of another man, who had probably met with the same mischance—on examining these papers he recognized the name of the owner, a man from his own state. His comrades urged him, he said, to use them, saying that they would enable him to pass over the road as well as his own, as no one would be able to detect him. "I was almost tempted," he said, ingenuously, "but when I left my wife and mother, who were willing to let me go and fight for the Union, they said, 'Do your best for your country, but mind and hold on fast to your principles.' These last words came back to me then, and when I thought of those two women at home, who were praying for me every day of my life, I felt that I could not do such a mean thing, so I put the thought away and said to myself, 'Providence will take care of me.' I gave up the other man's papers where I knew he would find them again, and left the station. As I walked along the street a lad at a stall gave me a glass of beer, and I mentioned my trouble to him; he then told me about this place, and said he would show me the way to it. It was that kind little 'gentleman' who brought me here."

The lady to whom this account was given feared that it was a case which she could not aid, and told him that he had better return to Washington and get his furlough renewed. His countenance fell and tears burst from his eyes. If he returned to Washington, he said, he feared that in the press of business he should be detained, or perhaps not get his furlough renewed, and he should never see his mother again. Touched by the feeling he exhibited, the lady proceeded immediately to the office of the gentlemen of the commission and stated the case. A telegram was promptly despatched to Washington to ascertain the truth of the facts stated by the applicant. The answer confirmed all that he had said, and directed a new furlough to be issued by the Adjutant General here. The gentlemen furnished him with ample means to return home, and the ladies supplied him with clothing and comforts. He left the rooms happy, with grateful thanks and glistening eyes, saying that as soon as he was well again he should hasten back to give a helping hand to the good cause.

The Sanitary Commission have undertaken to procure in this market a daily supply of fresh meat and vegetables for the use of the Military Hospitals at Washington. These hospitals are twenty-two in number, and these supplies are paid for by the "Hospital fund," derived from the excess of the money value of the regular ration beyond that of the portion actually consumed by the soldier. In this way a more suitable diet is afforded to the sick, and the articles procured here are of much better quality and far cheaper than can be had at Washington. To give some idea of the magnitude of this operation we give a statement of the quantity of provisions to be sent *daily* to Washington for this purpose:

900 pounds mutton and poultry.
1,000 pounds butter.
400 dozen eggs.
500 bushels of potatoes.
500 gallons of milk.
2½ tons of garden vegetables.

These articles will be shipped in the cars of the "Arctic Express Co," which are moving ice-houses, leaving here every day at 3 P. M., and arriving in Washington early next morning. The whole will be in charge of the agents of the Sanitary Commission. The Commission advances the money for this most laudable undertaking with the understanding that its outlay is to be reimbursed monthly from the "Hospital fund."

For the benefit of contributors to the Sanitary Commission throughout the state it is proper to say that the demands of the present week exhaust our supplies, and that we shall be glad to receive contributions of *every kind*. It will readily be believed that the wounded of the battle of Gettysburg need all and more than we can send them.

We must minister to the wants of friends and foes; the enemy have left many hundreds of their wounded on our hands, and we must not let them suffer. Work with all your might. Clothing of every description is needed—Arrow Root, Racahout, Gelatine and Corn Starch in great demand.

DONATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, July 6, 1863.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Pickles, from the Society, Wellsboro, Tioga, to Lucy E. Moore.
Dried Fruit, Mrs. Slaymaker.
1 package, Mrs. Hallowell.
1 box, Danville Ladies' Aid, Montrose co.
1 package, Friend.
1 package, Mrs. Coleman.
1 barrel, Soldiers' Aid, Montrose, Miss Blackman.
1 box, Mrs. J. Preston and ladies of Dorchester and Milton Lower Mill.
1 package, Mrs. J. W. Biddle.
1 package, Mrs. C. Gilpin.
1 package, C. M. S.
1 package, Holy Trinity Church.
1 large box, 1 barrel, Soldiers' Relief Association, Tioga and Mill Creek, Mrs. S. M. Guernsey, Sec'y.
1 large box, 1 barrel, Williamsport, Lycoming county, Lucy E. Snyder.
Needle cases, St. Mark's Lutheran Church, through Miss E. W. Mayer.
2 packages, Christ Church Soldiers' Aid, F. C. Godley, Sec'y.
1 package, Mrs. Kiehl.
1 box, Central Aid Society, Chester county, Mrs. Heister.
1 box, Whitpain Ladies' Aid Society, Gwynned, Montgomery county, S. A. Conrad, Sec'y.
1 package, Miss Meigs.
Syrups, a lady.
1 box, Sunbury Sanitary Aid Society.
1 box, Lockhaven.
2 boxes, Cheltenham Valley Aid.
3 boxes, etc., Hebrew Women's Aid Society.
1 barrel, 3 boxes, Attleborough, Bucks county.
1 box, Norristown.
1 package, Wrightstown Aid Society, E. Sacket.
1 package, Montrose.
1 package, from W.
Socks, Mrs. Calhoun.

A FIGHTING FRIEND.—Capt. Nicholas Halleck Mann, of Ulster county, N. Y., is a Quaker, over six feet high, and "in for the war." He commanded a squadron of cavalry at the Aldie fight. When the Federal forces was overborne by superior numbers, and left Gen. Kilpatrick in the hands of the enemy, Capt. Mann rallied, with noble words, his flying troopers, placed himself at their head, and far in advance, dashed through and over and down the rebel ranks, his sabre flashing to the right and left, until the general was released, and the gallant captain lay bleeding and helpless by the side of his dead horse, within the rebel lines. By a miracle he escaped death, and is now in the Emory Hospital, counting the days that must elapse before he is again in the saddle. Two cousins of the same persuasion are in the same troop.

☞ A retired schoolmaster excuses his passion for angling by saying that, from constant habit, he never feels quite himself unless he's handling the rod.

☞ The cost of a horse is the gift of nature. That of an ass is often the work of a tailor.

COL. GATES OF THE U. S. ARMY

Says that during his campaign in Mexico he would rather retire to his couch without his sword than a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It was the only medicine he used through the Mexican campaign. Gen. J. Hobart Ward, of the Army of the Potomac, first became acquainted with its virtues in Mexico, and always keeps it in his camp. In sudden attacks of Diarrhœa, Dysentery, pain in the bowels, head, stomach, or in cases of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or wounds, into bruises, or Sore Throat, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Radway's Ready Relief cures instantly. Let none who value health and safety be without it.

"Sold by Druggists."

TO ARMY SUTLERS.

☞ One most important addition to our stock in trade is PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. It is known and appreciated by men in all ranks in life, and it will be more appreciated by the soldier, who, in camp or field, is exposed to all kinds. It will cure his Sore Throat, his Colic, his Sunstroke or Bruises, his Diarrhœa, his Cramps, and will be his friend in time of suffering and need. Keep a supply, Sutler, and the soldier will bless you. It is sold by all Wholesale Druggists.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour has been unsettled and dull, and holders generally have reduced their quotations fully 25c ₱ bbl; 4000 to 5000 bbls have been disposed of at $5.50@5.75 for superfine, $5.75@6.50 for extras, the latter for round hoop Ohio, and $6.75@8.50 for extra family. Rye Flour is arriving and selling in a small way at $4.75 ₱ bbl. Corn meal is scarce, but the demand is light at $4 for Pennsylvania and $4.25 ₱ bbl for Brandywine.

GRAIN.—There is not much Wheat offering, and prices 3@5c lower; sales reach only about 20,000 bus, mostly Western and Pennsylvania reds, in store and afloat, at $1.48@1.50, closing at $1.46@1.47, the latter for prime lots; white ranges at from $1.50 to $1.60, as to quality. Rye is quiet and rather lower. Pennsylvania arriving and selling slowly at $1.03@1.05. Corn is unchanged, with sales of 15,000 bus at 87c for prime yellow, and 84@86c for Western mixed. Oats are firm, and about 20,000 bus found buyers at 70@73c, weight. Barley and Malt continue neglected, and prices nearly nominal.

PROVISIONS.—The demand for barrelled meats continues limited, and the market dull at $12@13½ for cut, $14@14½ for new mess Pork, and $13@15 for western and city packet mess Beef. Beef Hams are held above the views of buyers. Bacon is firmer, with a good demand for Hams at 11½@12½c, the latter for fancy bagged, and 6@6½c for Shoulders. Sides are quoted at 6½@7c. Of Green Meats the sales are limited, and the stock very much reduced. Hams have been sold at 7½@8½c in pickle. Salted Shoulders are worth 5@5½c. Lard continues steady at 10@10¾c for bbls and tierces, and 11¼@11¾c for kegs. Butter moves off as wanted at 18@20c, as in quality. Cheese is firm at 11@12½c ₱ lb, and Eggs are selling at 19c ₱ dozen.

COTTON.—The market is unsettled, and prices have declined 80@90c ₱ lb. Sales are confined to a few small lots, taken within the range of 57@60c, cash, for ordinary to middling and good middling quality, closing dull and nearly nominal at 60@62c.

ASHES.—Both kinds are quiet, and prices about the same.

SUGAR.—Refiners come in slowly, but the demand for Quercitron has fallen off, and 1st No 1 is offered at $39 ₱ ton, and dull. Of Tanners' Bark prices range at $13@14 for Chestnut, and $17@18 ₱ cord for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX.—There is little or none offering or selling, and we quote yellow at 45c ₱ lb.

COAL.—The market continues at a stand still, and prices are unsettled and irregular.

COFFEE.—Prices are unsettled and lower, with a few small sales, mostly Rio, to note at 29@30c, cash and time.

COPPER.—There is little or nothing doing, and the market is unchanged.

FEATHERS.—The stock is light and the demand limited at 47@48c for good western.

FRUIT.—Nothing doing to alter quotations, which are nominally unchanged. Berries are arriving and selling freely.

HAY.—Is rather scarce, and selling at 90c@$1, the 100 lbs.

HEMP.—There is very little stock here, and we hear of no change in the market.

HOPS are dull, and the sales limited at 18@20c ₱ lb, the latter for fair sort Western.

IRON.—There is little or nothing doing in Pig Metal, and prices are nominally unchanged. In manufactured we hear of no change, except in Rails.

LEAD.—Galena is nominal at $8.10 the 100 lbs.

LUMBER is unchanged; Yellow Sap Boards have been sold at $30 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is dull and unsettled.

PLASTER is dull. The last sale of soft was at $4 ₱ ton.

RICE.—The market continues quiet, and prices steady at 5¼@6¾c for East India.

SEEDS are neglected and dull, with but little of any kind offering or selling. We quote Clover at $5.25@5.75; Timothy $2@2.25, and Flaxseed at $2.25@2.50 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS.—N. E. Rum sells as wanted at 65@66c. Whiskey is scarce with small receipts and sales at 47@48c for bbls, 47c for hhds, and 46c for drudge.

SUGAR.—The market is dull and prices generally 1/4c lower; and a few small sales of Cuba are reported at 10¼@11¾c ₱ lb, cash and 4 mos.

TALLOW.—The market is quiet at about 11c for city and 10@10¾c for country rendered.

TOBACCO.—The market is at a stand still, and prices about the same.

WOOL.—The receipts and stocks continue light, few small lots only having found buyers, at 75@80c for fleece, and 81c for tub.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1861 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 12½ cts ₱ lb. 90 Cows brought from $25 to 35 ₱ head. 5500 Sheep were sold at from 5 to 5¾c ₱ lb gross. 1140 Hogs at from $7.00 to 8.50 ₱ cwt net.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, July 11, 1863.

Alabama	30 dis.	Mississippi,	—
Canada,	44 prem.	Missouri,	5 dis.
Connecticut,	1 dis.	New Brunswick,	25 prem.
Delaware,	1 dis.	New Hampshire,	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia,	1 dis.	New Jersey, par to	1 dis.
Florida,	40 dis.	New York City,	1 dis.
Georgia,	40 dis.	New York State,	1 dis.
Illinois,	1 dis.	North Carolina,	50 dis.
Indiana,	1 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia,	17 prem.
Iowa,	1 dis.	Ohio,	1 dis.
Kansas,	—	Pennsylvania, par to	1 dis.
Kentucky,	1 dis.	Rhode Island,	1 dis.
Louisiana,	10 dis.	South Carolina,	20 dis.
Maine,	1 dis.	Tennessee,	10 dis.
Maryland,	4 to 1 dis.	Texas,	1 dis.
Massachusetts,	1 dis.	Vermont,	1 dis.
Michigan,	1½ dis.	Virginia,	50 dis.
Minnesota,	—	Wisconsin,	1 dis.

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GEO. N. LEWIS, 30 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
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McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. J. R. Kennard, Mr. CHARLES T. BROWN, to Miss REBECCA B. ATKINSON, all of New Castle county, Del.

On the 9th inst., by the Rev. Geo. E. Kennard, Mr. JAMES CARPENTER, to Miss MARIA FERNANCOMB, both of this city.

On the 8th of March, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. WILLIAM P. CRAWFORD, to Miss MARY E. STOCKS, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. R. W. Thomas, Mr. JOSEPH KENNEDY, to Miss SUSAN KELLY, both of this city.

On the 23d of June, 1863, by J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JOSEPH H. WILSON, to Miss ELIZABETH PATTON, both of this city.

On the 8th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. HENRY C. MASLIN, to Miss SALLIE WILSON, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Ernest Clark, Mr. SAMUEL S. HAWKINS, to Miss AFFOLINE M. BOURS, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. T. S. Miller, Mr. EDWIN E. BOLLMYNDUS, to Miss MARIA L. HUSAS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th instant, JOHN SOWS, Sr. in his 77th year.

On the 6th instant, THOMAS COLLINS, in his 46th year.

On the 7th instant, Mr. THOMAS ADAMS, in his 64th year.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH SMITH, in her 69th year.

On the 6th instant, JANE, wife of Jacob Hasleton, aged 36 years.

On the 6th instant, Mr. EDWIN F. CRISSY, in his 39th year.

On the 5th instant, Mr. GEORGE WEAVER, aged 79 years.

On the 5th instant, Mr. SAMUEL CHAPMAN, aged 45 years.

On the 4th instant, ELIZA BOWLES, daughter of Alice and the late Robt. Lees, in her 23d year.

On the 6th instant, REBECCA T. wife of Wm. W. Babbit.

Palmer's PATENT LEG & ARM, 1859 and 325 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA.

B. FRANK PALMER,

SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to

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The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of those inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the Inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

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A MAN OF A THOUSAND.
A CONSUPTIVE CURED.

DR. H. JAMES, a Retired Physician of great eminence, discovered, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefiting his fellow mortals, he will send to those who wish it the recipe, containing full directions for making the same, carefully using this remedy, free, on receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. There is not a single case of Consumption that it does not at once take hold of and dissipate. Night sweats, hoarseness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles.

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WHISKERS! WHISKERS!—My ONGUENT will force them to grow on the smoothest face in six weeks. Price 50 cents; or 3 packages for $1, by mail. Satisfaction given, or money refunded. Addrs

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DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
may5-1y

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AT REDUCED PRICES.

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The curtailment of litigation expenses, consequent upon the recent decisions of the United States Courts, which confirm the validity of our patents and interdict their infringement, enables us to benefit the public by important reductions in the prices of our SEWING MACHINES. They are now sold with *valuable improvements* at the following reduced

PRICES:

No. 1 MACHINE, SILVER PLATED, with	*For Wife, Inches.*	*Temples and Bridge.*
Full Case, Polished Rosewood,	$100,00	
Half Case, Polished Rosewood,	80,00	
Half Case, Paneled, Black Walnut,	70,00	
Plain Table,	65,00	
No. 3 MACHINE, PLAIN, with		
Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany,	$65,00	
Half Case, Paneled,	50,00	
Plain Table,	45,00	

No. 1.—The round of the head.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.
No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—Over the crown of the head.

The HIGHEST PREMIUM has been awarded for the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES, at the WORLD'S FAIR, now being held in London, England, with all other Sewing Machines in competition.

[The number 3, plain table, (worth $45) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE POST—*see Prospectus*. We will arrange for either of the other machines manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a proportionate increase of subscribers and money.

DEACON & PETERSON,
Publishers Saturday Evening Post.]

FICKARDT'S CATTLE POWDER.

The Merciful Man is Kind to his Beast.

This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its FEED, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretion of your HORSES, CATTLE and SHEEP in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder. Prepared only by

WILLIAM RALSTON,
Late of the firm of LAWS & RALSTON,
Wholesale Druggists, Philadelphia.

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WM. RALSTON,—DEAR SIR:—Having tried the Cattle Powder, manufactured by you, I consider it a good article for the diseases of Horses, and as good a preparation as there is in the market. HIRAM WRIGHT,
Assistant Veterinary Surgeon for the United States Government.

For sale by all Druggists and dealers. Price 25 cents per package.

Agents—D. S. BARNES & Co.,
202 Broadway, New York.
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HAVE YOU

A head of Hair, or Whiskers or Moustaches, of an unbecoming color?

DO YOU

Wish to change that color to a handsome deep brown, or a perfect and natural black, without injury to the fibres, without trouble or inconvenience? If so,

THEN YOU

Must use CRISTADORO'S EXCELSIOR DYE, which is the only harmless, certain, instantaneous and truly *natural* Hair Dye in the world.

SHOULD YOU

Doubt these statements, try the article, and if it fails denounce it.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.

Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. jy18-cow2t

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Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of

PHALON'S COCOIN, OR DEODORIZED COCOA NUT OIL FOR THE HAIR.
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TO PRESERVE AND IMPROVE THE HUMAN HAIR.

The only article discovered for promoting the health and strength of the Hair, and giving the Hair a rich and glossy appearance, is PHALON & SON'S COCOIN, and we recommend all to buy it.—*Philadelphia Press.* my23-3m

SPECIAL NOTICE.

CHLOASMA, OR MOTH PATCHES AND FRECKLES.

Blemishes on the face, called Moth, are very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, as the discolored spots on the skin show more strongly on blondes than on brunettes, but they contribute greatly in marring the beauty on either, and anything that will remove moth patches without injuring the skin in texture or color, would no doubt be considered a great achievement in medical science. Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, New York, having devoted his whole time and attention to Diseases of the Skin, will guaranty to remove Moth Patches, Freckles and other discolorations from the face without injury to either texture or color of the skin. His success in this, as in other branches of his specialty—DISEASES OF THE SCALP and Loss of HAIR—will warrant him in guaranteing a CURE IN EVERY CASE. For particulars address, enclosing stamp,

DR. B. C. PERRY,
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DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.

R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau St., New York City.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN—A NEW MEDICAL WORK.—Every person, male and female, should have a copy. Sent free to any address. Address Box 2759, Post Office, Philadelphia, Pa. jly4-13t

Wit and Humor.

ANECDOTES.

The Rev. Solomon Stoddard, of Northampton, the ancestor of all the Stoddards—and a troop they are worthy sons of a worthy sire—had a black boy in his employ, who was, like the most of black boys, full of fun and mischief, and up to a joke, no matter at whose expense. He went with the parson's horse every morning to drive the mare to pasture. It was on a piece of table-land some little distance from the village; and here, out of sight, the neighbors' boys were wont to meet him and "race horses" every Sunday morning. Parson Stoddard heard of it, and resolved to catch them at it and put an end to the sport. Next Sunday morning he told Bill he would ride the mare to pasture with the cows, and he (Bill) might stay at home. Bill knew what was in the wind, and taking a short cut across lots, was up into the pasture away ahead of the parson. The boys were there with their horses, only waiting for Bill and his master's mare. He told the boys to be ready, and as soon as the old gentleman arrived to give the word, "Go!" Bill hid himself at the other end of the field, where the race always ended. The parson came jogging along up, and the boys sat demurely on their steeds, as if waiting for "service to begin." But as the good old mare rode into line they cried, "Go!" and away went the mare with the reverend rider sticking fast, like John Gilpin, but there was no stop to her or to him. Away, head of all the rest, he went like the wind; and at the end of the field Bill jumped up from under the fence, and sung out, "I knowed you'd beat, massa! I knowed you'd beat!"

Little Freddy H——, a four year-old, son of Chaplain H——, of the —th Regiment, New York Volunteers, "perpetrated" a good thing while at camp at Suffolk a short time since. A smart-looking lieutenant, with dashing air and *perfumed breath*, came into a tent where Freddy was. The little soldier scanned him very closely, and when a convenient opportunity offered itself, he said to the lieutenant, "You are a *doctor;* I *know* you are a doctor." "No, my little man," replied the officer, "you are mistaken *this* time; I am not a doctor." "Yes, you are a doctor, *too*," replied Freddy. "I know you are a doctor, *for I can smell the medicine.*"

Mrs. W——, an old lady residing in the town of O——, was, just after one of the battles in the Southwest, listening to an account of General Grant's operations, in which, among other things, it was stated that he had caused several miles of new road to be constructed, and had covered it here and there with *corduroy*. "Why, bless me!" she exclaimed, "what a waste! Did a body ever hear the like? There's our boys, poor creeturs! some of 'em 'most naked, and the pesky officers using up on them secesh'oners roads all that stuff that was sent to make breeches! I kin tell you," she concluded, with an indignant flourish worthy of the best days of Mrs. Partington, "*we haven't got the right kind of generals!*"

The honest matron was not aware that the "corduroy" referred to was not exactly the stuff for the boys' "breeches," but that stout timber construction employed to cover otherwise impassable highways.—*Harper's Magazine.*

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S STORIES.

The Norwalk (Conn.) Gazette says that on a late occasion when the White House was open to the public, a farmer from one of the border counties of Virginia told the President that the Union soldiers, in passing his farm, had helped themselves not only to hay, but his horses, and he hoped the President would urge the proper officer to consider his claim immediately. "Why, my dear sir," replied Mr. Lincoln, blandly, "I couldn't think of such a thing. If I consider individual cases, I should find work enough for twenty Presidents!" Bowie urged his needs persistently, Mr. Lincoln declined good naturedly. "But," said the persevering sufferer, "couldn't you give me a line to Colonel —— about it? *just one line?* "Ha, ha, ha!" responded the amiable Old Abe, shaking himself fervently, and crossing his legs the other way, "that reminds me of old Jock Chase, out in Illinois."

At this the crowd huddled forward to listen.

"You've seen Jock—I know him like a brother—used to be a lumberman on the Illinois, and he was steady and sober, and the best raftsman on the river. It was quite a trick, twenty-five years ago, to take the logs over the rapids, but he was skillful with the raft and always kept straight in the channel. Finally a steamboat was put on, and Jock—he's dead now, poor fellow—was made captain of her. He always used to take the wheel going through the rapids. One day, when the boat was plunging and wallowing along the boiling current, and Jock's utmost vigilance was being exercised to keep her in the narrow channel, a boy pulled his coat tail and hailed him with—'Say! Mister Captain! I wish you'd just stop your boat a minute—*I've lost my apple overboard!*"

The Wonders of Quack Medicine.

"Which it's wonderful sir," exclaimed Mrs. C., one morning, "What them pills and hointment has done for the benefick of human natur. I'm sure, there was my fairey Jane's cousin, which he were not exactly a *journeyman* bricklayer, sir, but more what you terminate a *jobbing* bricklayer, as jobs about off and on at piecework, he fell off from a ossifie in the Hosy' Road, and lay very dangerous at St. Thomas' Orspitle, and nothink in the world would have prevented a camera obscura from a settin' in (as he told me with his own lips, and he would make his affydavy of it any day of the week, 'cepting of the Sabbath, which he were religious, although a bricklayer,) but that there blessed hointment—or he might have gone about on wooden legs to his dying day. And as for the pills, sir, there's an aunt of mine down in Lincolnshire, who hadn't so much as an hounce of liver left, and used to go off in fits in a harm-chair, and fancy that Nana Sahib was a tickling of the soles of her feet, to hinduce her to marry him, which bigamy it would have been, sir, in the eyes of justice, being her 'usband's loreful wife, let lone the disgrace of going to church with such a wagabone; and after a box of them pills which, as the advertisement says is for scrofely pains in the back, dislike to society, chilblains, and inwaluntary blushing is a certain remedy; she righted herself quite conwalescent, as you may say, sir, and sent a testimonium to the professor that I see printed with mine own eyes in the Weekly Register, which its a most respectable journal, sir, and took in by most of the nobility and gentry, on account of its moral tone. And what I say is, sir, and I'm sure if I intrude on your time—which precious it is I know, to most littery gents—I beg you to excuse, and not to mention of it—what I say that it's a sin and a shame to make knights and barronknights of indywiddles now a days for what you may call nothink, and keep professor Gullsway out of the peerage, which in the peerage he ought to be for all the good he's done in the meddicle line or my name's not Betsey Cricker."—*Apartments to Let, in the London Society Magazine.*

Take Two of Them.—A bashful youth who lives not a thousand miles from this city was paying marked attention to a beautiful young lady, who rejoices in the possession of an interesting niece, about six years old. The other evening he was enjoying a social chat with the young lady, vainly trying to nerve himself to ask the terrible question, when the little niece entered the room. A new thought struck him. Taking her on his knees, he asked, in a quivering voice—

"Fanny, dear, are you willing I should have your aunt for my own? I will give you five hundred dollars *for her.*"

"Oh, yes!" said the little thing, clapping her hands in glee. "But hadn't you better give me a thousand dollars, *and take two of them?*"

OBSCURE SOURCES OF DISEASE.

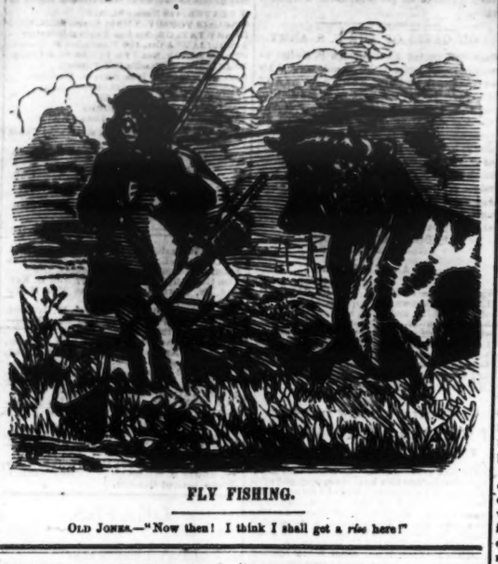
BY DR. JAMES R. NICHOLS.

An article under the above heading appears in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal. Its author is one of our best practical chemists, and high authority on such a subject. So important and weighty are the facts and suggestions of the article that we think it the kindest deed we can perform for our readers to make the following extract:

There are many instances of disease brought to the notice of physicians which are exceedingly perplexing in their character, and the sources of which are very imperfectly understood. I am led to believe that a considerable number arise from some disturbance in the sanitary conditions of dwellings or their surroundings, and that however improbable this may seem from a superficial or even careful examination of suspected premises, a still more thorough and extended search will often result in the discovery of some agent or agents capable of producing disease.

The chemical and physical condition of water used for culinary purposes has much to do with health, and is perhaps the oftenest overlooked by the physician in searching for the cause of sickness. We must not suppose that water is only hurtful when impregnated with the salts of lead or other metals; there are different sources of contamination, which produce the most serious disturbance upon the system. Some of these are very obscure and difficult of detection. The senses of taste and smell are not to be relied upon in examinations, as it often happens that water entirely unfit for use is devoid of all physical appearances calculated to awaken suspicion. It is clear, inodorous, palatable, and there is no apparent source from whence impurity may arise.

During the past summer, the writer was consulted by a gentleman residing in Roxbury, respecting the water used in his family. It was taken into the dwelling through tin pipe from a well in the immediate vicinity, and appeared to be perfectly pure and healthful. Analysis disclosed no salts of lead or copper, as indeed none could be expected from the unusual precautions taken to prevent contact of the water with these metals. Abundant evidence was, however, afforded that, through some avenue, organic matters in unusual quantities were finding



FLY FISHING.

Old Jones.—"Now then! I think I shall get a *rise* here!"

access to the water. Careful examination of the premises disclosed the fact that an outhouse on the grounds of a neighbor was so situated as to act as a receptacle for house drainings, and from thence by subterranean passages the liquids flowed into the well. Some cases of illness, of long standing in the family, disappeared upon abandoning the use of the water.

A few months since a specimen of water was brought to me for chemical examination, by a gentleman of Charlestown, who stated that his wife was afflicted with protracted illness of a somewhat unusual character. It was found to be largely impregnated with potash and the salts resulting from the decomposition of animal and vegetable *debris*, and the opinion expressed that some connection existed between the well and the waste fluids of the dwelling. This seemed improbable, as all these were securely carried away in a brick cemented drain, and in a direction opposite the water supply. The use of the spade, however, revealed a break in the drain at a point favorable for an inflowing into the well, and hence the source of the contamination. Rapid convalescence followed on the part of the sick wife upon obtaining water from another source.

Analysis was recently made of water from a well in Middlesex county, which disclosed conditions quite similar to these. The owner was certain that no impurity could arise from sources suggested, but rigid and persistent investigation disclosed the fact, that the servant girl had long been in the habit of emptying the "slops" into a cavity by the kitchen door (formed by the displacement of several bricks in the pavement,) where they were readily absorbed. Although the well was quite remote, the intervening space was filled with coarse sand and rubble stones, and hence the unclean liquids found an easy passage to the water. This proved to be the cause of illness in the family.

In cities and large towns, where excrementitious matters accumulate rapidly around dwellings compacted together, it is difficult to locate wells remote from danger, and hence it might seem that suspicion should be confined to these localities. This, however, is not a safe conclusion. How often do we see, upon isolated farms in the country, the well located within, or upon the margin of the barnyard, near huge manure heaps, reeking with ammonical and other gases, the prolific sources of soluble salts, which find access to the water, and render it unfit as a beverage for man and beast. It may no doubt be a convenience to the farmer to have his water-supply so situated as to meet the wants of the occupants of his barn and dwelling, but it is full of danger.

Whilst admitting that such may be the condition of the water of many wells, doubts may arise with some, whether substances not decidedly poisonous, and received in such quantities, can after all be productive of much harm, or the real source of illness. To the great majority of people they are certainly harmless, but it must be admitted that there is a class, and one or more are found in almost every family, whose peculiar sensitive organization does not admit of the presence of any extraneous agent in food or drink, or in what they inhale. The functions of life and health are disturbed by the slightest deviation from the usual or normal condition of things around them.

It seems incredible that the thousandth part of a grain of one of the salts of lead, dissolved in water and taken daily, will disturb the system of any one; and yet such is the case. We can see no reason why a very little nitrate of potassa, or soda, or lime, taken in the same way, should produce any effects; still stranger is it that the infinitesimal amount of dust dislodged from painted wall-papers, received into the lungs, should make inroads upon health.

Several instances of this latter result have recently come to my knowledge. In two families of the highest respectability in this city, illness of an unusual and protracted character existed, and at the suggestion of the physician, of the green wall-paper of the dwelling were submitted to me for analysis. The pigments were found to consist mainly of arseniate of copper, and upon the removal of the papers the illness disappeared. In experimenting with apparently the most suitable apparatus, and employing delicate chemical tests, in rooms the walls of which were covered with these arsenical papers, no evidence of the presence of the poison in the atmosphere has been afforded; and this corresponds with the results of all similar experiments made in this country and in Europe, so far as my knowledge extends. We must conclude that agents not recognizable by chemical tests are capable of disturbing vital processes. The evidence is very clear that in instances of illness confined to one or two members of a household, the cause may be due to some accidental disturbance with which all are equally brought into contact, but which has not the power of injuriously influencing but a part. It is also clear that these sources of disease are of such a character as easily to escape detection, and therefore any facts or experience which may serve as guides to their discovery are worthy of record.

Street Musicians.—Reader, you have doubtless been stopped many times, even when your head was full of other things, by the strains of the street musician. Sometimes the magic sounds have taken your thoughts far away to other scenes, perhaps brought out from hidden memories the dear faces of the distant ones your heart yearns to see again. The little girl with foreign look, who usually attends these itinerants, and who has learned in her life of vicissitudes to judge well of faces, comes with her tambourine to seek a small reward, and you, with new and lighter thoughts, go, as it were, refreshed, back into the turbid current of daily life. Thus even these wanderers, who mechanically are merely turning a crank, unconscious of the sounds so often produced, are like magicians that ignorantly touch the hidden keys of the passions and affections, whose wondrous chords and harmonies vibrate through past and present, and even throw a mystic influence over the future, as the strings of the Æolian harp may still murmur long after the winds have passed away.

Agricultural.

SCIENCE AND EXPERIENCE IN FARMING.

The celebrated Dr. Rham, vicar, of Winkfield, at the close of a long life devoted to agricultural pursuits, remarked in a letter to a friend that "Whatever great chemists may say about the component parts of soils, I am persuaded they can never decide as to the aptitude of any soil to produce a crop *until experience has shown it.*"

Dr. Rham was, himself, thoroughly versed in the sciences, and he was also a skillful, practical farmer, and from his testimony a most useful, practical lesson is afforded us. The sciences in their application to the culture of the soil, are useful, always as helps to the farmer, but they can no more be substituted, with success, for that knowledge which is obtained by observation and experiment, than the labor of the farm can be conducted without hands.

During the last fifty years, the devotees of science have established many beautiful theories in agriculture, which experience has again and again exploded, and although we have great regard and reverence for that wisdom, which strives to elicit truth by interrogating nature, as to the mysterious processes by which she works, we would never accept any mere theories upon any man's authority.

Science can suggest and direct the farmer in the right way, oftentimes. But the professor in his laboratory, can never know as does the actual worker upon the farm, all the varied circumstances which interfere with his abstract reasonings upon cause and effect, and until he renounces his dogmatism, and considers that the farmer can teach him, as much as he can teach the farmer, we fear that the prejudice which exists between these two classes of minds will continue.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Cause and Cure of Lice on Cattle.—Some of the washes and applications recommended for the destruction of lice on cattle are dangerous or positively injurious to the health of the animal. Whatever may be thought of the cause of lice so confidently asserted in the annexed extract of a communication in the Boston Cultivator, there need be no fear of the bad results of the application of the remedy proposed:—

No one ever saw an animal in good condition lousy, and no one ever saw a poor one, that was so for any length of time, that was not. This I consider proof enough; but if any one doubts, let him try the remedy of good feed, and he will soon see how much superior it is to all the washes so highly recommended. The decay of the skin, consequent on the change from fat to lean, produces lice, and the way to cure a disease is to remove the cause.

Buckwheat as an Exterminator of Weeds.—Buckwheat, when sown on rich ground, will kill grass effectually. It must be sown as soon as the grass is ploughed. In such case, a few crops will even exterminate thick grass. Buckwheat seems to be poison to other plants; and it is even known to destroy insects. It does this probably by destroying the roots of the grasses and herbs on which they feed. No insect touches buckwheat in the ground.

Useful Receipts.

RECIPES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

From a new book: "*What to Eat and How to Cook it.*"

Dessert a la Neige.—Break 5 eggs; separate the yolks from the whites; beat the whites till they are turned into a thick foam; then sprinkle in 2 ounces fine white sugar, a teaspoonful essence vanilla, stirring the while to mix well. Then put in a milk boiler 1 pint milk and 1 oz. white sugar; as soon as it boils, take a tablespoonful of your beaten eggs and let drop gently into the pan; do the same for the whole as rapidly as possible; take them out with a skimmer as soon as you see them hard, and place in a dish; then take the milk from the fire; beat the yolks in a vessel with a little of the milk from the stewpan; put that mixture in a stewpan, and this back on the fire; stir with a wooden spoon till it is becoming thick; take off, and alide the whites upon the surface to serve.

P. S. [Always use a *wooden* spoon for cooking with.]

Omelets.—Break in a bowl as many eggs as there are persons to serve; beat them with a little milk, or at least a little water if you have no milk; add also salt and pepper. Have a piece of butter the size of a walnut put into the pan; when it is hot pour in the eggs. When one side is done alide it gently from the pan into the dish, and when half of it is in the dish, turn the pan upside down so as to fold the omelet; it is more tender and tasty. Do not turn it over in the pan so as to fry both sides. You may mix a little chopped parsley in the egg before baking.

Paste.—Take ½ lb. butter, put it in a pail of very cold water for ½ hour, and take it out (if on ice 'tis just as well;) make a paste with it, and 1 lb. flour, also 2 eggs, ½ pint cold water and ½ oz. salt; knead the whole properly with the fingers; then dredge the board with flour; take a rolling pin and roll it thin; fold it over once again and roll again thin; repeat the same process 5 times in summer and six in winter, and leave it thus half an hour in summer and an hour in winter before using it.

To Keep Fish 48 Hours in Warm Weather.—Clean it well, lay it in a china vessel, covering it with cold water that has been salted and peppered; a little thyme adds.

☞ A New Fish.—The imperial court of Montpellier has recently been called on to hear an appeal, in which the point in dispute was the *oeuais guastio* whether the frog is a fish. The judgment was affirmative, and these persons who have hitherto thought that they might catch frogs at all seasons, in private or public waters, will now see that they have been mistaken.

☞ Most men have some of the milk of human kindness in them, but there is a nation in the East consisting entirely of *Kurds.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 38 letters.

My 4, 6, 5, 21, is a color.
My 33, 32, 33, 1, 19, 32, was a great philosopher.
My 23, 14, 31, 33, 7, is a man's name.
My 7, 24, 19, 9, 19, 20, 2, is in great regard as a commander.
My 8, 16, 20, 28, 26, 6, is a woman's name.
My 20, 11, 28, 15, 16, 28, is a bird.
My 15, 14, 5, is a man's name.
My 27, 21, 9, 1, 5, is one of the seven wonders.
My 16, 14, 12, 12, 27, is a kind of fish.
My 20, 6, 29, 19, 9, is some people's delight.
My 17, 13, 4, 32, 5, is a land frequently mentioned in Scripture.
My 23, 5, 14, 32, 28, 33, 9, is in great demand at present.

My whole is an old saying, and may be applicable to the present times.

Chester Co., Pa. R. H. WALTER.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 17, 3, 16, 11, is necessary to produce.
My 18, 6, 7, 2, is necessary in music.
My 12, 9, 10, 4, is necessary in a clock.
My 14, 13, 6, 10, is necessary in a dry season.
My 1, 9, 15, 8, is necessary in frugality.
My 13, 16, 9, 5, is necessary in cooking.

My whole are important periods in a farmer's life.

Mount Carroll, Ill. ANDROS.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One of the Kings of Israel.
An island in the East Indies.
A river in New Jersey.
A species of poplar.
Roman Catholic worship.
What heathen countries require.
A dye.
A cetaceous fish.
The capital of a New England State.
A kind of dramatic composition.
A young quadruped.
A city in Tennessee.

The initials spell the name of a man occupying an important position at the present day, and the finals give his popular title.

Talbot Co., Md. AMBIDEXTER.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is a familiar nickname.
My 2nd is to avoid.
My 3rd is an article.
My 4th is an oculent grain.
My whole is the scholar's companion.

Mount Carroll, Ill. ANDROS.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a cask standing on a horizontal plane, whose form is that of a conical frustum, 40 inches in diameter at the top or smaller end, 50 inches in diameter at the bottom or larger end, 60 inches deep and full of water. Required—The angle of elevation to which the plane must be raised in order to empty the cask of exactly one-half of its contents, the bottom of the cask being fixed to the plane on which it stands so as to prevent it from sliding or upsetting, and the water free to overflow the top, the top being entirely open?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Divide a circle 10 rods diameter into 4 zones by parallel lines such that they shall be to each other as 3, 4, 5, 6. Required—the length of the division lines. It is also required to divide a sphere 10 inches diameter by parallel planes whose solidities shall have the above ratio; required, the respective distances of the planes from its centre? E. HAGERTY.

Baltimore.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the burning of Hindoo widows like sweeping chimneys? Ans.—Because it is a *Suttee* business.

☞ What is the difference between a field of ice and a running stream? Ans.—One is a *field* of ice, and the other a *flow* of water.

☞ What is Old Nick's favorite amusement? Ans.—A game at *poker.*

☞ Why was Helen of Troy like many a modern snob? Ans.—Because she adored Paris.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—The graduating class. RIDDLE.—Wm. S. Rosecrans. CHARADE.—Live-forvile, Levi, veil).

Answer to PROBLEM by L. B. Chester, published June 13th. The numbers are 5 and 6. A. Martin, Venango Co., Pa.; Wm. Tucker, Philadelphia. The numbers are 64 and 81. Ecolier, Barnesville, Ohio; O. H. Rockwell, Gray's Valley, Pennsylvania; E. Hagerty, Baltimore; Francis W. Hibbard, Ohio; E. Thomas, Ohio; and Capt. L. B. Chester.

Answer to PROBLEM by Andros, published June 13.—226.1669 cubic feet. E. Hagerty; W. Hibbard; O. H. Rockwell, Pennsylvania; Andros.